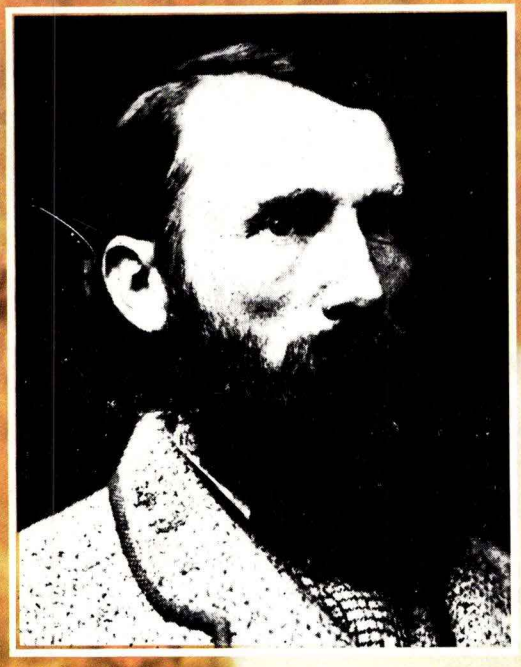
Southern
PARTISAN
VOLUME VII NUMBER 4 FALL 87/WINTER 1988 $3.00

The Plundering Generation (Part II)
By Ludwell Johnson

A.P. Hill and the Charge of the Light Brigade
By V. Dennis Wrynn

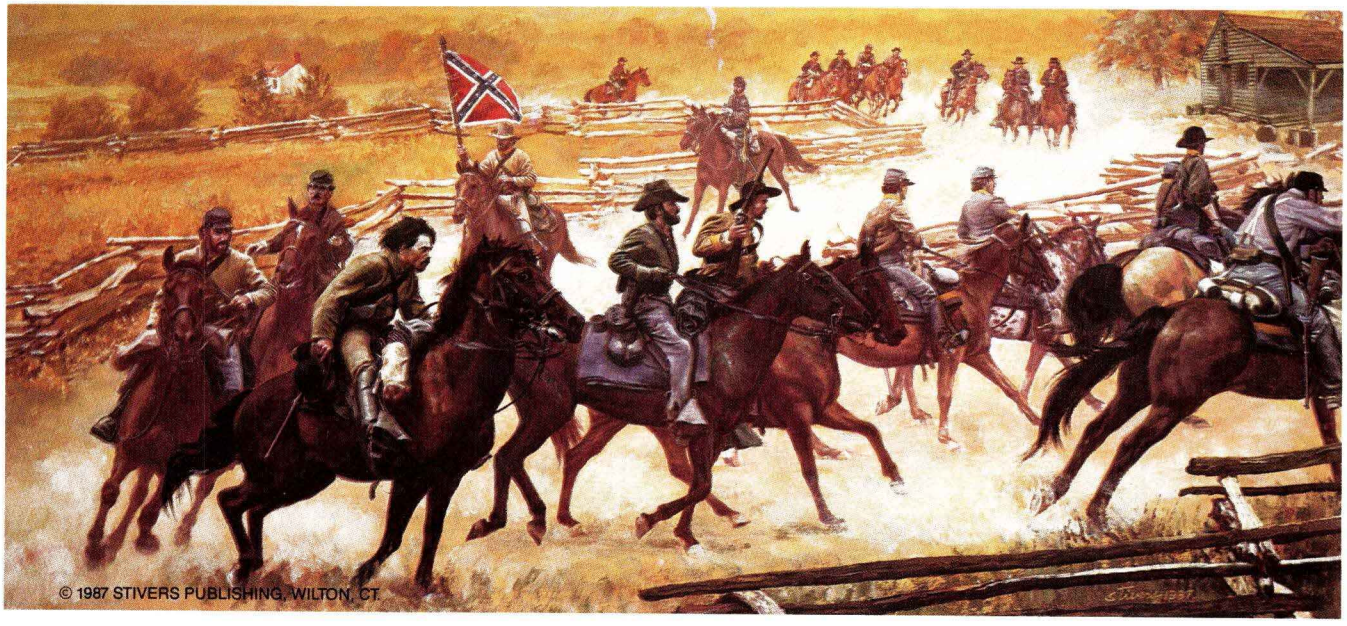


Paul Philippoteaux, "The Battle of Gettysburg—'Pickett's Charge' " cyclorama (detail), 1884, oil on canvas, 26' high, 356' in circumference

Their captured Federal armaments testify to their prowess over the enemy in the early days of the war. These men who rode fearlessly the red-clay byways of their beloved South where a surprise volley from around the next bend could send a man home just as dead as Gettysburg did, had something — a certain spirit, as undefinable as it was unquenchable.

They were the way their leaders wanted them, these men of Mosby, and Morgan, Forrest and Stuart — the rebel cavalryman, molded into the lean, swift fighting columns that ripped at the enemy's flanks or charged recklessly into his front. When Jeb Stuart wrote "I strive to inculcate in my men the spirit of the chase..." the men were already there, by inclination, through generations, along the ancient bloodlines.

REBEL RAIDERS by Don Stivers



Hopelessly out-gunned, they clung to the rebel spirit all the harder, seemingly enjoying danger for its own sake, revelling in the name, "Rebel."

Don Stivers, in his latest work on the Confederate Cavalryman, frees that spirit once again, imparting motion within a static medium.

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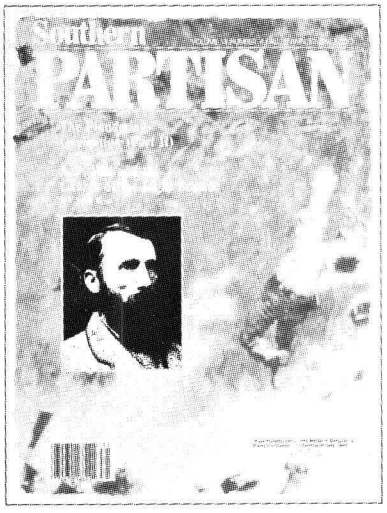

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Southern
PARTISAN

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PARTISAN LETTERS

Emendations
Gentlemen:

Would you, in your collective wisdom, please evaluate for me the possibilities for our cause of constitutional amendment restoring the word "Thereof" to the end of the tenth amendment?

I think that there are some interesting ramifications to that course of action.

What do you think?

Robert W. Fuehr
Alhambra, CA

Pledge of Alliance

Re: NAACP proposal to change/alter Mississippi state flag:

In anticipation of this "attack on the colors," the Mississippi Sons of Confederate Veterans (SCV), in convention assembled, has already launched a counter-offensive by adopting and sending a resolution to the Mississippi Legislature and Governor which affirms our worthy Flag-and the great State for which it stands-by asking the Legislature to require in all Mississippi secondary and elementary schools, the recitation of the official Salute to the Mississippi Flag which reads as follows:

'I salute the Flag of Mississippi and the Sovereign State for which it stands with pride in her history and achievements and with confidence in her future under the guidance of Almighty God.'

To anyone who knows the facts of American and Mississippi history, this whole demand by the NAACP is unfounded, unfair and unpatriotic. Instead of being embarassed and ashamed of our beautiful Flag, all Mississippians should be extremely proud of it!

R. Scott Farris, Pt. Comm.
S.C.V. #1353
Hattiesburg, Mississippi

Abe Defended
Gentlemen:

...I agree with almost all your ways of thinking, especially in this crazy day and age -- **except** this ever-recurring attempt to drag the character of Abraham Lincoln in the mud... You stay obsessed with this mania to belittle him. It alone spoils many issues. How about leaving him to God's judgement now, not yours. Abe was not "honest" -- no one is. Diogenes has not yet put out his light.

Wm. A. Gilfry
Grand Junction, Colorado

Just The Facts
Gentlemen:

The interview with Judge Hand in your Summer 1987 issue reveals the disingenuous nature of the argument for teaching religion in the public schools. Judge Hand and *The Southern Partisan* demonstrate a fundamental misunderstanding of the purpose of scientific inquiry. The function of science is to report observable phemonema to the students in an effort to teach what the evidence demonstrates about the facts of human development, chemistry, etc. Conclusions as to whether these events were set in motion or currently controlled by God is not the province of science, but of religion. The proper places for religious training are the home and church....

Naturally, Judge Hand and *The Southern Partisan* couch their arguments in terms of individual liberty. However, the argument for government teaching of religion is an argument against liberty. Southern parents and churches should accept responsibility for the religious and moral development of their children in-

stead of handing it over to the government. A minute of prayer or a biology course including religious thought will not save an improperly raised child, nor will the absence of either ruin a child whose parents and church have imparted proper values.

Scott Farr
Orlando, Florida

Picky Picky

Gentlemen:

The photo which accompanies the article, "The Nabob as Antifederalist: Benjamin Harrison of Virginia" by M.E. Bradford in the 1987 Summer Issue (p.38) looks suspiciously like Benjamin Harrison the 23rd President and not Benjamin Harrison the signer of the Declaration of Independence. Surely someone in your organization can tell the difference.

Patrick Morgan Harrison
Canton, Mississippi

Gentlemen:

We all make mistakes. While the article in your "Restoration Series" on Benjamin Harrison, "the Signer," was very good, the portrait printed with signature was not that of the original famous Benjamin but of his great grandson, President Benjamin Harrison, our twenty-third Chief Executive (1889-1893). As an American historian I did not think I could let this error pass.

Charles J. Ferris
Camden, Tennessee

Lutheran Missouri Synod

Gentlemen:

Because of your book review we purchased "Betrayal of the Church." It is a fine book and should be read by all Christians.

However we have found one important flaw. There is no mention of the Lutheran Church Missouri Synod. All Lutherans are lumped together

The LCMS believes as Dietrich Bonhoeffer, i.e., that one always owes government ONLY when said government governs according to God's Law (The Bible). A tyrant or traitor should be voted out or overthrown.

If the Robbs are from the southeast their ignorance of this synod can be understood. (South Carolina has only 6 LCMS Churches. We attended a service at Lamb of God in Spartanburg in October. Columbia and Aiken come to mind but cannot recall the others).

My point: LCMS is growing directly because of the foolishness of the other mainline churches. The various Lutheran groups united recently — LCMS declined. They do not belong to the National Council or World Council of Churches. Money donated to our missions is 100% of donation-no skimming. We have grammer and High Schools and Colleges etc. all supported by members efforts. Please print this as it will provide information to a number of your readers.

Gloria W. Hungate
Fountaintown, Indiana

Attention

Gentlemen:

The Left would have others believe that 1987 simply was not the year for The Citadel, the Military College of South Carolina. Witness the yet ongoing, fervent wringing of hands over the alleged "racial incident" of last school year. Those who let the crowd do their thinking dutifully board the bandwagon of the outraged. Meanwhile, the prudent observer recognizes that the shrill voices which have arisen in regard to this contrived racial atrocity are the same ones which declare the Confederate Battle Flag inappropriate for public display, and the public playing of "Dixie" as equally inappropriate. (No doubt the next item to be branded by the Left as inappropriate will be the appearance in public of anyone whose ancestors fought for the South during War.)

A few ripostes in response to the Left's continued attacks upon The Citadel: In this time of continued lack of emphasis on individual responsibility, a phenomenon attributable to the socialist thinking of the Left, cadets at The Citadel learn, above all, the meaning and necessity of individual accountability. In this time wherein leadership is slandered by those of the Left who consider leadership and oppression to be synonyms, it is at The Citadel where one learns that leadership is often difficult in its exercise, but that to lead is a noble and right endeavor. Finally, in this time wherein the same members of the Left seductively whisper that it is easier to hide behind the crowd and to abide unthinkingly by its principles, however errant; it is at The Citadel where one develops the courage to speak out for that which is right, regardless of the size of the opposition and the volume of its ugly rumblings. Responsibility, leadership, courage--values not found in the Left's camp. Small wonder they find The Citadel not to their liking.

Scott K. Gibson, III
Capt. USAF
Citadel Class of '82
Washington, D.C.

L'Amour

Gentlemen:

I will bow to no man in my admiration and respect for Andrew Lytle. Like you, I believe that he should have been given the Freedom Medal by President Reagan in 1987. Unfortunately the spirit of John Brown still permeates much of the Republican Party in Official Washington. Just ask Mel Bradford. Yet, having said that, I must object to the less than veiled swipe at Louis L'Amour in the Summer, 1987 issue ("CSA TODAY. TENNESSEE" p. 14).

To describe Mr. L'Amour as

someone "who writes Western romances," is like saying that Bill Monroe is just a mandolin player, or that Hank Williams was only a guitar player or that Bob Wills was an obscure fiddle player.

Louis L'Amour has spent a lifetime chronicling the history of the American West in his novels. No armchair historian he, L'Amour has been a working cowboy, a lumberman and other traditional occupations in the West. Mr. L'Amour has been passing on the traditions, culture and the history of the American West, and it cheapens *The Southern Partisan* to deprecate the contributions of Mr. L'Amour. He is carrying on the Southern tradition of storytelling which, along with Southerners migrated to the West. Those of us Confederates from the Southwest appreciate Louis L'Amour and we don't need to put down the contributions of Andrew Lytle to do so.

David A. Williams
Arlington, Virginia

Symbol of Struggle

Gentlemen:

The renewed attempt to remove the Battle Flag of the Confederate States from the Georgia flag should come as no surprise to Georgians. It is a symbol of a time about which little is known by the vast majority, and less than that is accurate...

My studies have indicated that the Battle Flag of the Confederate States of America is very representative of many things for which colonial American leaders are remembered, and for which Southern leaders should be honored and remembered. That banner was the standard behind which the Southern Armies rallied to protect their property, constitutional rights, and religious freedoms against the attacks of a Federal State gone awry of the standards developed in 1787 to allow the individual States to coexist in a Federal Union. It is above all a symbol of the age old struggle of individuals against tyrannical government, and as such is a banner of courage and valor.

I call upon Southern history groups such as the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Children of the Confederacy, the Sons of Confederate Veterans, and the Military Order of the Stars and Bars to use this time of discussion to educate all people in the South to the many positive qualities of this section that are represented by the Battle Flag of the Confederacy.

Peter Winn Martin, DVM
Statesboro, Georgia

Seeing Red

Gentlemen:

Several months ago, I nominated my local newspaper for The Scalawag Award and it won, deservingly so. But now, much to my consternation and dismay, I must nominate one of my favorite magazines, *The Southern Partisan,* for the dastardly award. I never dreamed that I would see a feature article by an avowed Marxist historian in this noble publication. Well, it's happened. The lead article, *James Thornwell and Southern Religion,* was written by that notorious Marxist, Eugene D. Genovese.

Admittedly his article was quite disarming and the first three pages seemed to heap great praise upon a Southern tradition based firmly on Christian morality. But then on page 20, we get the first dose of true Marxist historicism as Genovese embarks on his tireless theme of the evils of Capitalism. He in fact reveals this in the fact that Thornwell suggested that slavery would be a better fate for the laborers than a life under Capitalist oppression. Does this mean that Genovese endorses slavery as a just system? Certainly not. In fact he says, "and the proslavery specifics of his social thought are, let us prey interred with him."

Genovese drives a stake deep into the heart of Capitalism by inferring that all true Southern Conservatives should also find Capitalism repugnant. He says, "...it is a tradition that has resisted bourgeois society, its atomistic culture and its marketplace morality." At the least, your readers should have been informed that Eugene Genovese is an activist Marxist who seeks to spread his anti-capitalist nonsense even to unsuspecting loyal Southerners.

I shall not nominate your publication for the Scalawag Award for one principle reason, the excellent article published by Benjamin B. Alexander on Nathan Bedford Forrest. Professor Alexander hails from Hillsdale College, a college which leads all other institutions of learning in defending the free and unfettered market. Thank God for Professor Alexander.

Russell L. Blaylock, M.D.
High Point, North Carolina

Editor's Note:

Dear Doctor, Professor Genovese's condition is coming along nicely. He is our favorite Marxian.

Your Mother

Gentlemen:

Your obtuse Anglophilia is showing again, this time in the Spring '87 issue where you place this headline over a letter from England: "Notes from the Mother Country".

Your Anglophilia has evidently also affected your memory and your eyesight: it was NOT St. George's cross, the British cross, which the CSA selected for its national banner, but rather St. Andrew's cross, the symbol of Scotland.

Wonder what THEY thought was the "Mother Country"?

Franklin Sanders
Memphis, Tennessee

PARTISAN VIEW

RICHARD QUINN

Special Rules

New York City Mayor Ed Koch was wrong about a couple of things. First, he said that Jesse Jackson was *not* going to be able to come to New York and "make us feel guilty if we press him...He's a candidate. Candidates have to be able to take it." He was wrong about that. Jesse Jackson doesn't have to take it. For him, special rules apply.

During the New York state Presidential Primary on the Democratic side, Koch decided to take on Jackson. He criticized Jackson's record on Israel; he reminded voters that Jackson had friendly ties with the PLO and that he had lied about his proximity to Martin Luther King in the moments following King's assassination; he raised the issue of "character" which had derailed the candidacies of Gary Hart and Joe Biden; he raised the issue of experience in government, pointing out that Jackson had none.

Under the ordinary rules of politics, Koch's arguments would have been damaging indeed to the object of his attack. Jesse Jackson clearly is *not* qualified, by experience or temperament, to be President of the United States. Any one else who advocated his silly notions about doubling the federal welfare budget or anyone else who said so little coherently about foreign policy or who gave political speeches in rhyme would be laughed out of the campaign. But not Jesse. He has a kind of unique immunity from critical attention.

And so how did Mr. Jackson respond to the Mayor's charges? Predictably, he said that Koch's comments were breeding "fear and hysteria." These were code words intended to mean that Koch was stirring up racial trouble. In other words, Jackson was waving the bloody shirt, warning the mayor and the world that *I am my people. Hit me and you hit them.*

The most unnerving aspect of this ominous dialogue between Jackson and the Mayor is that Jackson is right. He *is* regarded by many blacks in this country, and whites too, as the incarnation of the black experience. We are dealing with a strange symbolism, a kind of psychological nationhood, a black nation apart from the larger American nation, a subculture of which Jesse Jackson is already the chief executive officer.

To understand this attitude we have to think of our own sense of nationhood and our arrangement of loyalties. If an American citizen is abused or taken hostage by a foreign government, we are all angry as a nation. Such is our national sense of identity and pride. We expect an American citizen, especially an American official, to be treated with respect because that citizen, as he or she moves through the outside world, represents America. *Hit him and you hit us all.*

The trouble with this attitude in the context of American politics is obvious: Jesse Jackson is not among us as a citizen of a foreign nation or as a guest of state to be granted diplomatic immunity from the rules that govern the citizens and the candidates of America. Indeed he has offered himself as a candidate for the presidency who claims to seek fair and equal treatment for the poor and the oppressed, for those left out of the American dream.

Mayor Koch was, in fact, paying Jackson the compliment of taking seriously as a candidate, of exposing him to the rough process that produces an American president. But one does not handle a symbol so roughly.

For Jackson the symbolism has a double benefit. Since he has become the incarnation of the black experience, that means he automatically receives the support of most black voters. Under the circumstances, it would take a great deal of independence and courage for a black man or woman to resist this quasi-national mandate of ethnicity. Therefore, you should run up and shake the hand of any black person you know who is *not* wearing a Jesse Jackson button.

On the white side, Jackson also benefits. There are a group of white voters who are using the symbol for their own purposes--to demonstrate conspicuously their own capacity to vote for a black presidential candidate. Jesse Jackson is a great convenience for such people. They are secretly counting on the rest of us to prevent him from actually becoming president. In the mean time, voting for Jackson makes them feel especially tolerant and broad minded. You can spot these voters in their volvos sporting Jesse Jackson bumper strips.

Poor Ed Koch didn't understand any of this. Now he's learned what Southerners have known for a long, long time: you can't always say things just because they're true. Now, in frustration, the Mayor said "Jesse Jackson is not an icon." He was wrong about that too.

FROM BEHIND ENEMY LINES

CONTRADICTION

> "Plain and simple, the Congress is to blame because of the fickle, vacillating, unpredictable, on-again, off-again policy toward the Nicaraguan Democratic Resistance." Lt. Col. Oliver North to the congressional committee investigating the Iran/Contra affair, July 7-9, 1987.

On February 3rd, the House of Representatives, by a vote of 219 to 211, turned down the president's aid package for the Nicaraguan Resistance, commonly known as the Contras or Freedom Fighters.

Every American should find out if his or her congressman was among the 219 who voted against the February 3rd aid bill. Then, with proof in hand (the vote was recorded) go about the business of getting rid of that congressman in November. None of the 219, no matter who they are, should be allowed to return to town in January.

Why all the fuss about a country most of us never heard of until a few years ago? The Committee for a Free Nicaragua, based in London, England, said it best: "Nicaragua today is perhaps the most important example of the ongoing clash between the open society and the forces of Marxist-Leninist expansionism." Closer to home, conservative columnist Cal Thomas reports that his son, an Air Force sergeant, called home the other day--from Honduras. His son relayed this: "These congressmen keep coming here on fact-finding tours, but a lot of them can't see the facts. This is basically the last frontier. If we don't stop communism here, we're in for a long, cold winter."

Former White House official and journalist, Patrick Buchanan said recently: "What Moscow is building in Nicaragua is a scale-model North Vietnam right on the mainland of North America." In other words, the Soviets are using--and will continue to use--Nicaragua as a base to spread communism throughout the region--a region which consists of fragile, infant democracies. Also endangered is Mexico, already in political, economic and moral chaos. To find out what comes after Mexico, one only has to go to the video store and check out *Red Dawn*, available in both VHS and Beta.

Congressman Bob Dornan, the firey redhead from southern California said recently: "...Congress is responsible for what is bound to transpire: the annexation of Central America by the Warsaw Pact, the 'feet people' trekking northward on the Pan American highway into the United States, the build-up of Soviet military assets on the North American mainland and the human misery and poverty that invariably accompanies Marxism...The Democrats in Congress must be held accountable should American blood be spilled to secure liberty and American national interests in Central America."

Of course, much of the blame--some contend as much as half--can be found behind the doors of the Oval Office and the executive suites in the West Wing of the White House, where the president and his top advisors occupy space. The compromising strategies orchestrated by Howard Baker, chief aide to the president, have resulted in nothing more than confusion and defeat for the Resistance movement. In fact, Contras leaders lost so much faith in the administration's ability to secure a victory on the Hill that they had no choice but to sign the cease-fire agreement.

The feeling around Washington among movement conservatives and Reagan political appointees has been, over the last four years, that there never was a "Reagan Revolution," or, at least, it dissipated shortly after the '84 re-election. One commentator, John Podhoretz, put it this way: "The Reagan administration lost its soul." Instead of capturing the momentum of public support during Col. Ollie North's appearance before Congress in November, the president--no doubt under the political coaching of Baker--refused to use the occassion for what it might have been: a reiteration of our country's commitment to freedom in this hemisphere and around the world.

At the heart of matter here is a 200 year struggle between the executive branch and the legislative branch over which body has the constitutional right to determine foreign policy. It is a healthy struggle, but one which is intensified to unhealthy levels when the two branches are of opposing parties. Syndicated columnist Raymond Price explains: "This [struggle] heightens the nation's need to be capable of swift, flexible, decisive action, totally divorced from the considerations of narrow constituency politics that obsess so many members of Congress."

TRIVIUM

TOM LANDESS

Sexuality and the New Church

I was baptised in the Episcopal Church, and it never occurred to me that I would ever leave it--but it occurs to me now. I will wait until after our General Convention this Fall, but if the worst happens there--I'm gone.

Why? Because what the Episcopal Church is considering is no less than a repudiation of everything the church and the Bible have always taught about human sexuality. To be specific, "we" are considering the proposition that we should condone and even canonize extramarital sexual liaisons, including homosexual intercourse; that practicing homosexuals should be ordained as priests; and that homosexual couples be allowed to marry in the church. Hithertofore, the Episcopal Church has always encouraged its flock to abstain from sexual intercourse until marriage, as the scriptures command. That viewpoint, it seems, is no longer tolerable.

To be fair, supporters of the New Morality occasionally quote the Bible as well in an effort to bolster their arguments, though they always seem to choose passages that deal with matters other than sexual conduct. But Biblical arguments form a small part of their discourse. More often they offer opinions borrowed from social science and from the political tracts of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force. As I read the materials coming out of the national church offices in New York, I have the distinct feeling that sooner or later these measures will be approved at some free-wheeling and joyous Convention, not so much because our church is wicked but because it is stupid and ignorant.

A few years ago I saw a survey that indicated the average Episcopal seminary student had an undergraduate grade point average of C-; and while this situation may have altered in recent years, it is no consolation to realize that the current leadership of the church probably comes out of that dismal intellectual pool. But more importantly, the education of seminary students no longer focuses on solid intellectual disciplines but on the fatuities of the social sciences and the irrelevancies of contemporary politics.

I am confirmed in what I've been told about Episcopal seminaries by reading *St. Luke's Theological Journal*, published at the University of the South in Sewanee, Tennessee, home of perhaps our most influential seminary (the last two Presiding Bishops went there). After following this publication through several years of publication, I gave up in despair. The articles were theologically simplistic and occasionally illiterate. Too often they sounded as if they had been written by students at a particularly disreputable state teachers college.

One editorial began by making the theologically absurd statement that God had lost the 1984 election. (Any church whose theologians can't tell the difference between God and Walter Mondale is in trouble.) Another essay argued that because in an earlier time marriages were civil rather than religious, the contemporary church should therefore quit marrying people, presumably in order to solve the problem of what to do about practicing homosexuals. And in article after article writers began with the assumption--unsupported and unsupportable--that the Episcopal Church has perennially taught that sex is evil.

I had always assumed that this publication and others like it were intellectual sandpiles for baby theologians. Now, too late, I see how quickly yesterday's baby talk can become today's eccelsiastical discourse. The new churchmen have not only forgotten Christ's injunction against fornication and St. Paul's condemnation of homosexuality, they have even forgotten Our Lord's call to self-sacrifice and crucifixion. We now have a theology of self-fulfillment, self-realization, self-indulgence. (Jesus said we must lose our lives in order to gain them. It seems that He was wrong about that).

But why argue the point? All of this will be discussed and perhaps even voted on at the General Convention this Autumn. The hall will be littered with tracts and resonant with angry rhetoric. Men (and Women) in clerical collars will be shaking their fists at one another, shouting the predictable curses of our time. Both sides will say it is the Battle of Armageddon; and as far as the Episcopal Church is concerned, both sides may be right, even though they clearly differ over which side is God's and which is the Devil's.

I will not presume to resolve that argument, but I will make the following observation: The Devil doesn't necessarily need an army composed of the malevolent; he can find all the willing recruits he needs from among the earnestly ignorant.

OBITER DICTA

THE FIRE LAST TIME

Our telephones have been ringing at the *Partisan* office with calls from worried readers wondering why we haven't published in six months. Specifically, they were fearful that the grim reaper who specializes in the death of small journals might have visited here late one night to snuff their favorite magazine.

As you can see, we are still alive. But you should know that we did experience a nasty and debilitating turn of fate. Shortly after we last published, the warehouse where we kept everything related to the *Partisan* burned to the ground. Nothing was saved. The loss included thousands of back issues, original artwork and art mechanicals which we use to print each new issue, as well as limited edition books and signed Confederate artwork which we regularly use to help raise the funds necessary to continue the work of the *Partisan*.

This issue, therefore, had to be recreated from scratch, and we are still assessing the extent of our financial loss. We have discovered that the fire insurance did not include warehouse contents. So that's why we are late. It only hurts when we laugh.

Once again, thank you for your patience and for sticking with us, especially through this episode of adversity.

CLEANING UP

Quietly but efficiently a small organization in Tupelo, Mississippi is making a difference in the fight against pornography. They used to be called The National Federation for Decency, but since January they have been known as the American Family Association. Headed by Don Wildmon, this unpretentious but efficient group has over the last year brought three powerful corporations to a greater understanding of American Family values--and they have done so by beating them over the head with a baseball bat.

Two of them, Noxell (makers of Noxzema) and Mazda, were the sponsors of more sexually explicit television minutes than any other company, or so Don Wildmon's staff determined. So Wildmon contacted the two offenders and suggested that they alter their advertising policies. But they received no reply. Wildmon phoned, but he was put on hold. Neither company showed the slightest interest in family values.

So the AFA swung into action. They contacted the 320,000 names on their mailing list (including 180,000 churches), told them what was going on, and asked for complaints and for a product boycott. Within a matter of days letters and phone calls were bombarding the corporate headquarters of Noxell in such numbers that they called an all-day meeting with their advertising agency and then issued an announcement: they would make certain that their products were no longer advertised on sexually explicit programs. Shortly thereafter Mazda followed suit.

But the AFA's greatest victory came just recently when AT&T, the American corporation with the largest number of stockholders, dropped their $40 million annual Dial-a-porn business, mostly because Allen Wildmon, AFA vice president, had backed them into a corner. After AT&T had refused to deny the pornography industry access to their lines, saying that Federal law would not permit them to do so, Allen showed them a way to accomplish the same thing--by refusing to bill customers for their Dial-a-porn calls. "You may have to let them use the wires," he said, "but you don't have to do their billing and collecting for them."

While AT&T was claiming that somehow that would be against the law too, the AFA began to send out mass mailings, urging people to drop AT&T long distance and choose another service. When they indicated that their next drop would be 500,000

pieces, America's largest corporation suddenly discovered that they could deny service to Dial-a-porn after all. A heartwarming decision from a heartwarming company.

Currently Wildmon is challenging Holiday Inn, which has reaped millions by showing pornographic films in their rooms. When the moguls of Holiday Inn harumphed that they were doing no such thing. Don Wildmon released a cassette with several scenes taken off a TV at the local Inn, telling reporters, "I'll let you be the judge." After viewing the tape, no one argued with him.

Already 40 franchise Inns have agreed to drop the porn flicks, but the 900-plus corporation-owned Inns are still screening the same old garbage. But sooner or later they will probably cave in. Every day church groups and civic organizations are cancelling conventions and meetings. Individuals are looking for a Ramada or a Quality Inn. And all the while the AFA is sending out letters and letters and more letters.

So we predict that one day soon the Holiday Inn will announce that it has decided that in the interest of family values they will no longer be showing trashy films in their rooms. They will also probably say that it was their own idea.

Mostly Right

New York Senator Marty Markowitz reportedly said: "I'm Jewish. I'm for Israel. I'm for Jesse. And I'm not crazy. Three of his four points are incontrovertible.

How Super Was It?

Super Tuesday turned out to be a super idea for George Bush. In one day of voting the Bush machine made short work of Bob Dole, Pat Robertson and Jack Kemp.

Robertson, the only native Southerner in the race on the Republican side, was not able to overcome consistently bad press; Dole, whose press was pretty good, lost it all because of bad attitude; and Jack Kemp, who had a great attitude, turned out not to be a very good candidate.

Still, the results of Super Tuesday should be studied closely. The candidacies of Pat Robertson and Jack Kemp, certainly in the South, can be rolled together, because both of these men made a direct appeal to the religious Right, a large and growing group of voters who have become politically active in response to moral issues. This group seeks a revival of moral order in American society, a renewal of traditional family values. They are the bedrock folk who gave Ronald Reagan his margins of victory in 1980 and 1984. Reagan inspired them with his rhetoric, but he never gave them a program. Robertson and Kemp together measured this group to be at least 25-35% of the Southern Republican vote.

But it's more complicated than that. Bush also managed to collect the votes of a substantial number of Southern traditionalists who perceived him as the heir apparent to Ronald Reagan, a president still admired in the South, more so than elsewhere. After all, Bush had been Reagan's loyal VP for eight long years. Therefore, Southern voters forgot (or forgave) the fact the Bush's own political roots are in the Yankee (anti-Reagan) branch of the Republican Party.

Super Tuesday was a good idea for George Bush for another reason: because it helped radicalize the image of the Democratic Party. The Bush voters were mostly Republican regulars (that is, people who are self-consciously Republican). However, Dole, Kemp and Robertson (especially Robertson) all attracted voters into the Republican primary who do not automatically vote for Jimmy Carter in 1976 and then switched to Reagan in 1980.

Since most of the independent. conservative voters of the South were drawn into the Republican primary, the demographic groups left to participate in the Democratic Party primaries were predisposed toward the leftward-most candidates. Therefore, Jesse Jackson was able to win in some states. And even though the painfully moderate Al Gore did best across the region, Michael Dukakis was able to compete well enough to demonstrate that he could appeal to Southern voters. At least that was the conventional interpretation. Few bothered to point out that the peculiar group who participated in Southern Democratic caucuses and primaries on Super Tuesday were, for the most part, the same folks who nominated Mondale and McGovern, a group about as representative of the region as the Southern branch of the Gay Liberation Front.

For symbolic reasons, South Carolina was the most important of the Southern primary states. Held on Saturday before Super Tuesday, little South Carolina became the New Hampshire of the South. On a per capita basis, Bush, Dole, Robertson and Kemp all spent a great deal more money in South Carolina than anywhere else (other than New Hampshire). Bush in particular blitzed the South Carolina media markets because Lee Atwater, national campaign manager for Bush and a native South Carolinian, understood better than anyone the symbolic importance of the election results in his home state.

Atwater also knew that Bush is not a candidate who would ordinarily have broad appeal in the South. Only eight years ago, Atwater (at the time working for

Reagan) had seen how simple it was to portray Bush as a Yankee-Liberal-Republican. And the times have not changed that much since then. Fortunately for Bush, the vote that swept Reagan to victory in the 1980 Republican primary in South Carolina was divided into at least three parts this time. After all, the final vote in 1988 was Bush 48% and 52% for not-Bush. The not-Bush voters just never got together.

However, the not-Bush folks may get together yet. They have another chance in the November general election. That's why Bush strategists will make a grave error if they assume that Southern voters have no choice but to embrace their man irrespective of whether Mr. Bush deliberately woos them. Richard Nixon, that most pragmatic of Republican politicians, has predicted that the Democrats will win in 1988 if they nominate a ticket of Dukakis, to appease the liberals, and Sam Nunn of Georgia to appeal to the South.

Only one point has been made clear by history: when presidential candidates lose the South, they lose the election. Mr. Bush, therefore, would do well to reflect on this: Dole voters and even Kemp voters are likely to fall in line behind Bush. Pat Robertson's supporters, however, are less predictable. They represent the closest thing to a political movement we have in America today--and movements gain steam at election time.

Right now, clearly, Robertson failed to gain the support he needed to take the presidential nomination away from a sitting vice-president. But he demonstrated enough strength, especially in the South, to earn the respect of any candidate who seeks the presidency. Indeed, Mr. Robertson may prove to be more effective as an advocate than he was as a candidate.

SCALAWAG AWARD

Scalawag are sometimes slippery little creatures. Perhaps because they secretly know just how reprehensible they are, certain scalawags hide in dark places. They will strike, but only when your back is turned. Confronted, they are nervous and glib, smiling with a dull gleam of yellow teeth, issuing excessive assurances of friendship. And after they strike, these fellows will take great care to remove their fingerprints and to collect incriminating evidence.

We have just such a Scalawag to recognize this time in South Carolina. But this one is so clever that even we are not certain of his or her identity. Here's what we know:

We have reported on these pages before that the good people of South Carolina elected an aggressive, young Republican governor in 1986, Carroll Campbell, who later became regional chairman for the George Bush Campaign. During the 1986 Gubernatorial campaign, Campbell took a strong stand, in debate with his Democrat rival, for keeping the Confederate Battleflag flying atop the statehouse. We are convinced that his pro-flag posture helped him secure his deserved victory.

However, when the program for the Governor's Inaugural Ball specified that *Dixie* would be played along with the *Battle Hymn of the Republic,* several black Democrats objected to the playing of *Dixie.* To approve them, the Governor's office removed the old Southern song and left the *Battle Hymn of the Republic,* on the program.

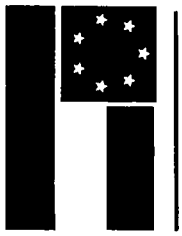
Later on, the press reported that the Governor himself had been unaware of the *Dixie* controversy. The decision to cut *Dixie,* it turns out, was made by "ONE OF THE GOVERNOR'S AIDES."

Now, more recently, the *Washington Post* wrote an article about the *Southern Partisan,* referring to us as "neoconfederates." Apparently, in researching his article, the *Post* reporter asked some people in the Governor's office what they thought of these "neoconfederates." Again "ONE OF THE GOVERNOR'S AIDES" referred to us as "a fringe."

The Governor himself, as quoted in the *Post*, had a more favorable opinion of Confederate imagery. He said: "We're the only part of this nation that has lost a war...you don't call it a fringe. It's a part of the South, a regional pride. ONE OF THE GOVERNOR'S AIDES later clarified that the Governor was referring to 'war buffs.'

So there you have it. ONE OF THE GOVERNOR'S AIDES couldn't let it rest. He (or she) just had to take another shot, to send a little indirect signal that they were only saying nice things about those apolitical "war buffs" not about anyone who takes Southern issues seriously in a present context.

This time, therefore, our SCALAWAG, goes to ONE OF THE GOVERNOR'S AIDES. We can't be sure who it is, but we did detect the scent of cheap pipe tobacco near the scene of the crime. Closet Scalawags are illusive devils.



CSA TODAY

ALABAMA

They tried to reintroduce God to the classrooms of Alabama. In case you didn't know who instituted the textbook suit in Brevard Hand's court a couple of years ago, it was Tom Parker and Tom Kotouc (rhymes with "coach"), two Montgomery lawyers who have just begun to fight. Far from being old dotards who look longingly to the days of their youth, Parker and Kotouc both look like they're twelve years old and should be going strong for another forty years, long after Thurgood Marshall and Harry Blackmun are wisps of dust in a dark corner of their coffins.

Bright, articulate, and well-versed in the law, they have the courage to take on bigger and more spectacular cases in defense of traditional values. Don't be surprised if they are in court with another benchmark suit before the end of the year, this next one even more to the point and even more likely to succeed.

May
"Pannoply" Festival
(May 13-15)
Hunstville, Alabama
(205) 533-6565

Montgomery "Jubilee"
(May 27-29)
Montgomery, Alabama
(205) 834-5200

JUNE
Alabama June Jam
(June 11)
Fort Payne, Alabama
(205) 845-9300

Eighth Annual Blueberry Festival
(June 18)
Brewton, Alabama
(205) 867-3224 or 5276 (evenings)

ARKANSAS

Linda Ingram of West Memphis became a little uneasy when she discovered that her nine-year-old daughter had received a letter from a 43-year-old Massachusetts man whom none of them has ever met. After investigating the matter, she was even more disturbed. As she tells it, this is what happened:

It seems that her daughter's teacher told the class one day that they were going to have a little test to determine how much every child knew about his or her family. The questions seemed innocent enough, and none of the children thought it was extraordinary that later in the day they all had their pictures taken. The Ingram child didn't even bother to tell her parents about the day's activities, and it wasn't until after the letters arrived that Mrs. Ingram dug out the truth.

An organization called Save the Children Federation had shown the Ingram child's picture on television, maintaining that she came from a poverty-stricken household in darkest Arkansas, that her parents were out of work, and that she was in need of assistance. Those who donated to this child's support would be given her name so that they could correspond with her and cheer her up. A heart-wrenching story to which the 43-year-old man in Massachusetts responded.

But there was one problem: it wasn't true. The Ingrams, though not as rich as Norman Lear, are doing quite well. Both are employed. They eat well and regularly. They live in a rather nice neighborhood. In addition, they are furious, as are many of the other parents whose children were in the same classroom and were similarly exploited.

Mrs. Ingram finally obtained the "case history" on which the sad tale of the family's poverty was recited and discovered that her own name had been forged to the document, which also gave Save the Children Federation the right to use her daughter's picture. Mrs. Ingram also reports that Save the Children paid the teacher so-much per head to deliver the case histories. No one knows who forged the signature, but Mrs. Ingram is assured by Arkansas authorities that no crime was committed.

She and the other parents are still hopping mad. Meanwhile, Save the Children Federation continues to operate out of Westport, Connecticut. If you want to, you can call them up. Maybe they'll give you the name of some poor little Yankee girl who's starving and needs help. Maybe it will turn out to be one of the Kennedys.

May
26th Annual Quapaw Quarter
Spring Tour
(May 7-8)
Little Rock, Arkansas
(501) 371-0075

6th Annual Old Washington Antique
Show and Sale
(May 14-15)
Old Washington Historic State Park
Washington, Arkansas
(501) 983-2684

June
7th Annual Music Festival
of Arkansas
(June 10-26)
Fayetteville, Arkansas
(501) 521-6946

Mountain Homecoming
(June 16-18)
Mountain Home, Arkansas
(501) 425-3155

FLORIDA

The Seminole Indians are ticked off. After having been cheated out of their land, now they're being cheated at bingo.

There is a 5,600-seat bingo hall at the Big Cypress National Preserve. The tribe contracts with a company called Million Dollar Jackpot, Inc. to manage the bingo business. Now the Seminoles are accusing the company of fiscal mismanagement and bad accounting practices. Lawyers may prove to be a lot more effective then tomahawks.

May
Southwest Florida Regatta
Every weekend in May
Lee County Florida
(813) 482-5811

June
Billy Bowlegs Festival
June 4-12
Ft. Walton Beach
(904) 244-8191

GEORGIA

In Atlanta a thief broke into Helen Johnston's apartment and stole her false teeth out of the glass by the side of the bed in which she was sleeping. Instead of calling the police she made the rounds of gold-and-silver exchanges, hoping that the culprit might have sold them for their pennyweight or two of twenty-two karat wiring. Sure enough, as she was entering a

pawn shop she saw a man, whom she did not recognize, and a pair of false teeth on the pawnbroker's scale. The false teeth looked very familiar.

So she reached in her purse, pulled out a Derringer, and ordered the pawnbroker to hand over the teeth. She took them, put them in her mouth, and backed out the door. Later, when contacted by a reporter, she admitted she'd had a moment of uneasiness during the encounter.

"It suddenly occurred to me as I was putting them in my mouth, suppose they aren't mine. I sure was relieved when they fit."

Mrs. Johnston is 68.

May
"Taste of Savannah"
(May 6-8) on the Riverfront
Savannah, Georgia
(912) 234-0295

"Praters Mill Country Fair"
(May 7-8)
Dalton, Georgia
(404) 259-5765 or 3420

June
"Iron Works Medieval Faire"
(June 9-12)
Columbus, Georgia
(404) 742-8600

Winterville Marigold Festival
(June 25)
Winterville, Georgia
(404) 742-8600

KENTUCKY

According to a friend in Kentucky, the state's teachers celebrated the first crocus by shutting down 90 school districts and marching on the State House, claiming the Gov. Wallace Wilkerson "doesn't care anything about education." Wilkerson's supporters argue that he does too care about education but that he cares about the state's solvency even more. The two sides are not likely to come to agreement in the foreseeable future.

This episode illustrates one of the facts of life that educators are beginning to understand: Most people want educational reform, but they don't want it badly enough to pay for it. They also are more and more reluctant to give teachers raises merely because they are teachers. They want to see some improvement in the quality of education, and thus far there has been no measurable progress.

Meanwhile, in Kentucky the crape myrtle is already in bloom, and the teachers are still burned up at the Governor.

May
Kentucky Derby Fest
(April 29-May 8)
Louisville, Kentucky
(502) 584-6383

The Owensboro International
Bar-B-Q Festival
(May 13-14)
Owensboro, Kentucky
(502) 926-1100

June
Glasco Highland Games
(June 3-5)
Glasco, Kentucky
(502) 651-3161
Egyptian Event
(June 7-11)
Lexington, Kentucky
(606) 231-0771
Pyramid Society

LOUISIANA

By summer the wisteria will be blowing on the trellis, the baby martins will be chirping in the gourds, and Jimmy Swaggart will be jumping around on-stage and shouting at the top of his lungs.

Swaggart's behavior with prostitutes, whatever it was, is easier to excuse than his repeated attempts to divide the Body of Christ at a time when it is under unprecedented attack by the forces of secularism. On more than one occasion he has mocked the beliefs and practices of other Christian churches, screwing up his face and mimicking their worship while his audience roars with contemptuous laughter at their fellow Christians. No other national religious figure has ever behaved in such a fashion, and yet it was not for this that Swaggart pulled his mouth down like a baby's and said, "I have sinned."

If you're looking for a real Christian in that family, you better try Jerry Lee Lewis.

May
Breaux Bridge Crawfish Festival
(May 6-8)
Breaux Bridge, Louisiana
(318) 332-6655

"Fest-For-All"
(May 20-22)
Baton Rouge, Louisiana
(504) 344-3328

June
Jambalaya Festival
(June 11-12)
Gonzales, Louisiana
(504) 647-3685

Louisiana Peach Festival
(June 17-26)
Ruston, Louisiana
(318) 255-2031

NORTH CAROLINA

Our favorite senator, Jesse Helms, has added a few more enemies to a growing list, the kind you can brag about when you come home from Washington. This time it's the Human Rights Campaign Fund, the homosexual PAC, which has taken out full-page ads in the *New York Times,* the *Washington Post,* and the *Los Angeles Times,* with a picture of Jesse, taking him to task for sponsoring a bill that would make it illegal for any Federal AIDS funding to be used for the promotion of homosexuality. The bill passed the Senate by a vote of 94 to 2 (Weicker and Moynihan) and also sailed through the House. Now Jesse is the Big Bad Wolf to organized gaydom, a role that should play just fine in North Carolina.

May
Ocracoke Crab Festival
(May 7)
Ocracoke, North Carolina
(919) 928-5911

16th Annual Hang Gliding
Spectacular
(May 13-15)
Nags Head, North Carolina
(919) 441-4124

June
Outdoor Drama "The Lost
Colony"
(June 10-August27)
Manteo, North Carolina
(919) 473-2127

20th Annual National Hollering
Contest
(June 18)
Dunn, North Carolina
(919) 892-4133

MARYLAND

A recently released state environmental plan calls for $200 million to upgrade the handling capacity of 30 sewage treatment plants. Apparently health officials are finding a lot more than oysters these days in the Chesapeake Bay.

May
The Symphony Decorators' Show House
"Historic Hayfields"
(April 17-May 15)
Cockeysville, Maryland
(301) 584-7274

Annual Flower Mart
(May 4)
Baltimore, Maryland
(301) 823-3712

June
Muzzleloader Shoot
(June 5)
Fort Frederick State Park
Maryland

Maryland Symphony at Antietam
(July 2)
Antietam, Maryland
(301) 432-5124

MISSISSIPPI

Perhaps the most interesting Southern senatorial race this Fall will pit two incumbent congressmen against one another: Republican Trent Lott and Democrat Wayne Dowdy. Both have given up safe seats to make the race. Both are biting their nails, wondering how the national ticket will affect the campaign.

The seat they are competing for currently belongs to retiring Sen. John Stennis, the last Conservative Democrat in the U.S. Senate and relic of a day when the South played an important role in the affairs of the Democratic Party. Dowdy inherits the party label. Lott can claim Stennis's political philosophy. Both expect the race to be close.

Most old-time Mississippi pols are predicting that Dowdy will win. But, then, most old-time Mississippi pols are Democrats.

May
Jubilee Jam
(May 14-15)
Jackson, Mississippi
(601) 355-FEST

Natchez Trace Parkway-50th Anniversary Celebration
(May 28)
Tupelo, Mississippi
(601) 842-1572

June
125th Anniversary of the Campaign and Siege of Vicksburg
(June 3-July 4)
Vicksburg, Mississippi
(601) 636-9421

Natchez Steamboat Jubilee
(June 26)
Natchez, Mississippi
(601) 446-6345

MISSOURI

Frank J. Bowl, who lives in the country just outside of St. Louis, has found the skull of the Missing Link, but he won't show it to anybody. Bowl, who is a widower and lives with his married daughter, says he found the skull while hoeing in the back yard in preparation for a spring garden.

"It is at least 500,000 years old," he maintains, "and it is half-man and half-monkey. It proves everything that Darwin said, and then some. We are all descended from apes."

Bowl says he is studying the skull, and when he gets finished he plans to give it to some museum or university. But not before he has determined himself what it is. Apparently Bowl has had no training in skullology. A neighbor, Mrs. Annie Monroe, says of him, "Oh, he knows pretty near everything there is to know. He reads all the time and practically lives at the Public Library, though I don't think he has a card."

"Anthropologists have called me about this," said Bowl, "but they just want to get this thing away from me so they can make money on it. If they push me too hard I might just change my will and have them bury me with it."

A St. Louis policeman, who lives in the neighborhood, stopped by and looked at the skull. Later he told Mr. Bowl's daughter, "Whatever it is, it isn't human. I believe it's probably what's left of somebody's old mule."

May
The Louis and Clark Rendezvous
(May 21-22)
St. Charles, Missouri
(314) 946-7776

The Maifest
(May 21-22)
Hermann, Missouri
(314) 486-2781

June
Mountain Folks' Music Festival
(June 11-19)
Silver Dollar City at Branson, Missouri
(417) 338-8210

Great Merameck River Raft Float
(June 25)
St. Louis, Missouri
(314) 889-2845

SOUTH CAROLINA

On May 14, 1988 in Columbia, Confederate Memorial Day will be celebrated in South Carolina as it hasn't been in decades.

A full day of events will begin at 10:00 a.m. with a parade from Elmwood Cemetery down Main Street to the Statehouse featuring 300 Confederate re-enactors. The men will be met at the State House by two other historic military organizations; the Washington Light Infantry and the South Carolina State Guard, as well as 200 ladies in period hoop dresses.

On the statehouse steps, five state senators will speak. Governor Carroll Campbell has also been invited to make an address.

In addition, there will be entertainment on the grounds, including living history encampments by Confederate Re-enactors, dancing to the music of the 1860's by women in Southern dress, and Scottish bagpipe music and dance. Educational displays will correct misconceptions about the purpose of the War Between the States, and illuminate the character of Southern people.

After this grand celebration, re-enactors will present a continuation of living history at Riverfront Park, where historic information and entertainment will be provided until 11:00 p.m.

South Carolina Confederate Memorial Day is sponsored by the South Carolina United Daughters of the Confederacy and the South Carolina Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Anyone interested in assisting with South Carolina Confederate Memorial Day may contact the Program Director, Kathy Sadler, at Post Office Box 212114, Columbia, S.C. 29221.

May
Spoleto Festival-USA
(May 19-June 5)
Charleston, South Carolina
(803) 722-2764

Confederate Memorial Day-Southern Heritage Celebration
(May 14)
Columbia, South Carolina
(803) 772-1793

June
Colonial Life Days
(June 11-12)
Charleston, South Carolina
(803) 556-4450

The Sun Fun Festival
(June 3-8)
Grand Strand, Myrtle Beach, South Carolina (803) 626-7444

TENNESSEE

The state of Andrew Jackson and Nathan Bedford Forrest may be proud of Albert Gore, Jr., but somehow we doubt it, not after his Hollywood visit. It seems that with California looming larger and larger, and with movie money bet against him, Al and Tipper made a trip westward to have lunch with Norman Lear. Lear, who has made a fortune (over $250,000,000) producing television smarm like "All in the Family" and "Maude," is founder of People for the American Way, and from the statements and reports after lunch was over, it appears as if Al and Tipper apologized for their attempts to warn parents about rock music lyrics and promised never again to do anything that would be contrary to the American Way.

The latest reports suggest that Lear and his people are still going to oppose Gore. Nothing lost save honor.

May
Memphis in May International Festival
(May 2-31)
Memphis, Tennessee
(901) 525-4611

Iroquois Steeplechase
(May 14)
Nashville, Tennessee
(615) 373-2130

June
Nashville Summer Lights Festival
(June 2-5)
Nashville, Tennessee
(615) 259-6374

Folk Medicine Festival
(June 25)
Red Boiling Springs, Tennessee
(615) 699-2014

TEXAS

Jim Hightower's endorsement of Jesse Jackson may have ingratiated him with Texas Blacks, but it has alienated some of the old-style Democratic regulars, who still love the party for auld lang syne and don't want to see it sink any deeper into the hip pocket of left-wing extremists.

Hightower, who will probably be the Democratic opponent of Sen. Phil Gramm in 1990, calls himself a "populist," and many Texans have liked at least some of what he says, particularly when he attacks huge national and international corporations that have been plundering the State's resources. As the Secretary of Agriculture, he has had some reason to make such statements, and up until recently his popularity has been on the wax. The Jackson endorsement may have been his first major error.

As of this writing, Bishop College is still in existence, but it is hanging on by its fingernails. A Federal judge has decreed that, in order to survive, the predominately-black institution must pay $50,000 every two weeks or lose its protected status under Chapter 11 and be forced to sell its assets in order to pay off $12.5 million in debts.

Bishop hopes its alumni will help to make these bi-weekly payments, but alumni attorney James L. Flournoy is not too sanguine.

"You must remember," he said, "if a rat will jump off a burning ship, so will people."

May
Capital Centennial Celebration
(May 7)
Austin, Texas
(512) 463-9902

Scarborough Faire
(May 1-June 5)
Waxahachie, Texas
(214) 937-6130

Arts & Craft Festival
(May 7)
Bellaire, Texas
(713) 668-0785

VIRGINIA

The whole thing ended up in court. Julie Croteau, a senior from Osbourn Park High School, wanted to play first base for the varsity baseball team; and when she was cut from the squad after tryouts, she and her parents sued the coach and the high school principal for $100,000.

The coach, Rick Fair, testified that he dropped Ms. Croteau because she couldn't bat, throw, or run as well as Jimmy Craig, the boy who got the position she coveted. She said the coach just didn't want her on the team because she was a girl. When confronted with the fact that her rival was known as a superior athlete, she admitted as much but accused him of switching from third base to first base in order to keep her from qualifying for the squad.

Ms. Croteau's attorney claimed that the coach's rating system was too subjective to have any meaning; but according to witnesses, the plaintiff was timed during tryouts and was the slowest player on the team. After listening to all of this nonsense, a Federal judge ruled that the coach had treated Ms. Croteau fairly and told everybody to go back to school.

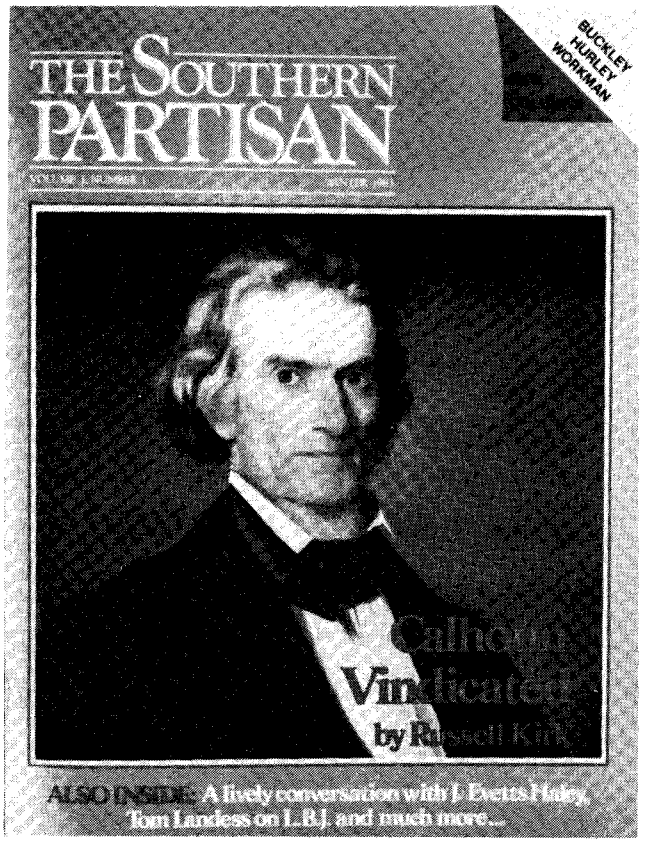
Ms. Croteau later informed the press that if she had just made it a little easier for the next girl who wants to play first base, she would feel her fight had not been in vain. What makes a seventeen-year-old kid think and talk like this? Well, her parents are both lawyers. You get a couple of lawyers together, and you can bet their issue will end up in court.

May
The Virginia Gold Cup
(May 7)
Great Meadow, (Middleburg)
Virginia
(703) 347-2612

21st Annual Re-enactment of the Battle of New Market
(May 8)
New Market, Virginia
(703) 740-3101

June
"Harborfest"
(June 3-5)
Norfolk, Virginia
(804) 627-7809

The Summer Opera Festival at Ash Lawn-Highland, (Home of President James Monroe)
(June 18-21)
Charlottesville, Virginia
(804) 293-9539


THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN
BUCKLEY HURLEY WORKMAN
by Russell Kirk
ALSO INSIDE: A lively conversation with J. Evetts Haley,
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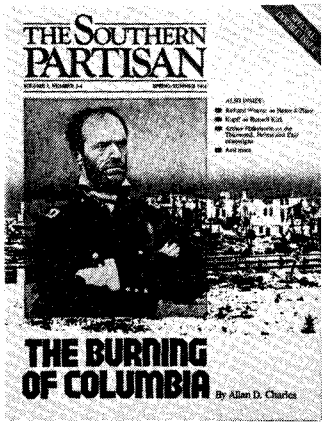

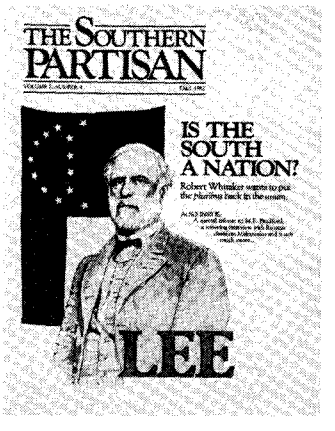

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The Plundering Generation

by Ludwell H. Johnson

A few years ago I was shuffling through accumulated litter in my garage attic when I came across some clippings dating from the 1960s. Among them were several letters to *LIFE* magazine commenting on an article by Bruce Catton. One reads as follows:

> *Bruce Catton's article is interesting and well-written, but it is amazing a person of the distinguished author's perspicacity would write "we find it impossible to say: these men were right and those men were wrong."*
>
> *In the Civil War, more nearly than in any other war in all history, the Right was on one side and the Wrong was on the other. The unvarnished truth is that the Confederate Army was fighting to destroy the Union and to perpetuate human slavery, while the Union Army was fighting to preserve the Union "with liberty and justice for all."*
>
> *Daniel L. Marsh*
> *Chancellor, Boston University*
> *Boston, Massachusetts*

One cannot decide whether to laugh or cry. Henry Wilson, Horace Greeley, "Black Jack" Logan, and all the others who wrote about the Slave Power plot have long ago gone to their reward, but in Boston the melody lingers on. Dr. Marsh, like those others, had no doubt about the cause of the war: it was slavery.

This introduces a perennial favorite of compilers of books of readings, "The Causes of the Civil War." Year after year earnest college instructors propound that problem to glassy-eyed undergraduates. At higher academic echelons, the big brains in the history business continue their attempts to unravel the tangled web of causality. Scarcely a year goes by when some new theory is not unveiled, although when closely examined the theories are not always very new, but rather old arguments dressed up in the latest methodological style.

Styles are of course very important in historiography. Slavery as the cause of the war was for many years the only acceptable explanation above the Mason-Dixon line. Then in the early twentieth century it went into partial eclipse when historians discovered economics, and the Beards said that the war was basically a revolution of rising capitalists against the political power of the agrarian South. In the wake of the First World War the revisionist school appeared. These scholars decided that war was neither inevitable nor constructive in its results; they blamed fanatical abolitionists, inept statesmen, and a defective political system for the bloodbath of the 1860s. But then along came Hitler and World War II, which seemed to teach us that after all war was sometimes inevitable, or at least indispensable, and that it could have constructive results. This view, as applied to the War Between the States, was reinforced by the rise of the civil rights movement in the 1950s, with the consequent rehabilitation of slavery as a cause of the Civil War and racial justice as its purpose. It now appeared that, though bloody, the war was worth the price because it had paved the way for equal rights, a deferred commitment of the wartime generation that now could be realized. Then, however, along came the Northern race riots of the 1960s, which, together with the new research, showed that racial problems were not and never had been the exclusive possession of the South. Simultaneously the nation was sinking deeply into what many regarded as an unnecessary and unjust war in Vietnam. So some despondent scholars once again began to ask if the Civil War after all had been worth the price, since it had produced neither racial justice at home nor righteous behavior abroad. For example, one young historian, depressed by the country's failure to achieve equal rights for blacks, concluded that the beneficial results of the war did not justify the cost—a position known as "the new revisionism." But, he said, this might not always be the case: "If significant gains are made by Negroes, and those gains are seen as dependent upon emancipation in 1865, then perhaps the sacrifices of war should be regarded as justified." So today the war wasn't worth it, but maybe tomorrow it will be. Now you see it, now you don't.

As things stand, historians not only see the causes of the war as so complex as to defy analysis, but they are troubled by the question of whether the war really accomplished anything worthwhile. They have got just what they deserve: they are trapped in the prison of their own presentism. They are victims of the "Whig interpretation" of history, which holds that particular events in the past can be identified as causes of particular results in the present. The moralism and relativism implicit in the Whig view means that the past—history—becomes a selection of those events

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presumed to be most important to the present, and since the present is always changing, history is always changing, not because what happened in the past has changed, but because the Whig historian has given his kaleidoscope another turn. No wonder that Kenneth Stampp in the introduction to his book of readings, *The Causes of the Civil War,* wrote: "As one reflects upon the problem of causation one is driven to the conclusion that historians will never know, objectively and with mathematical precision, what caused the Civil War." One of my undergraduate students said the same thing much more concisely. Once when I was looking for a final exam that would be a real grabber, I came up with a three hour question in four words: "Why the Civil War?" But when I got back from one student a two word answer, "Why not?" I began to suspect, like Stampp, that I might be asking the wrong question.

I suggest that if we want to understand the war, we should do better to, stop asking why the war came and concentrate on what it was about; that we move from the realm of abstraction to the domain of fact. The best way to find out what the war was about is to look at what was done. After investigating the war in a modest way and thinking about it for a number of years, I have been driven to the conclusion that to a depressing degree this was a war of economic and political aggrandizement begun and carried out by the ruling party in the North. The people who engineered the armed conquest of the South knew exactly what they wanted and they were not at all particular about how they got it. They were no congregation of humanitarians with their gaze unwaveringly fixed on some ultimate good, the prophets of a purified society with racial equality and justice for all. The late great historian James G. Randall called the men who presided over the coming of the war "the Blundering Generation," but as I see it there was a great deal more plundering than blundering.

This is not a popular point of view, and one espouses it at the risk (or certainty, rather) of being labeled a "neo-Confederate". Boiled down to its essentials, being a neo-Confederate means refusing to admit, that however flawed, the Northern cause was still, as Chancellor Marsh of Boston University said, the cause of Right, and the Confederacy the champion of human Wrong.

In a brief essay such as this it is impossible to bring to bear all the voluminous evidence that supports my contention as to the essential nature of the war. The best I can do is to hit a few high spots. Many of the things I mention are not new, but old, familiar, inconvenient events have a way of getting lost or glossed over or as incidentals of little significance.

There are some large, intractable facts that need to be resurrected if we are to understand what this war was about. For example, in the textbooks and elsewhere it is rarely if ever noticed that the war after all consisted of the conquest and subjugation of the South by Northern armies. Instead, the war is often described as an attempt by the South to "destroy the Union," which makes as much sense as saying that the secession of the American colonies in the 1770s was an attempt to destroy the British empire.

The Republicans had for years been castigating Southerners as moral lepers, tools of the Slave Power's plot to take over the country, as being the main obstacles to progress and prosperity, even to the coming of the Millennium. One would think they would have breathed a sigh of relief when the South left the Union. But of course they did not: they went to war rather than let the South go. Presumably the people controlling Northern policy (Lincoln and his party) had some solid reasons for so doing, and in fact Northern leaders were quite candid on this point—candid in explaining what they believed they would lose should the South go free. Manufacturers feared the loss of American markets to a flood of cheap British goods pouring through a free-trade Confederacy; Northern shippers feared the loss of their monopoly of the coasting trade and their share of the trans-Atlantic carrying trade; merchants feared the loss of the profits they garnered as middlemen between the South and Europe; creditors feared the loss of Southern debts; the Old Northwest feared the loss or curtailment of the Mississippi trade; the Republicans feared the disintegration of their party should it let the South go and bring upon the North all of the consequences just mentioned. The list of reasons for keeping the South in the Union could be extended, but this will do for purposes of illustration.

Another large fact that tells something of what the war was about was the legislative program carried through by the Republicans once Southern Congressmen had departed and left them in control. Policies long thwarted by the South now at last were realized. The tariffs here began the upward swing that would enthrone protection for generations to come and produce a massive transfer of wealth from agriculture to industry; here began a new financial system that would make Eastern bankers for years the financial overlords of the rest of the country; here began the giveaway of the public domain to special interests; here began the great days of pork barrel politics that would, along with emancipation, the spoils system, and military force, help the Republican Party to achieve its number one objective: keeping itself in office, which, except for two brief interludes, it succeeded in doing until the 1930s.

Another thing to look at is how the North made money out of the war itself, not only in the South but at home. First, take some major legislation passed by

the Republican-controlled Congress, laws that confirmed Southerners in their belief that the main objective of the North was to rob them. Early in the war it was observed that every Republican congressman seemed to have a confiscation bill in his pocket, for the avowed purpose of punishing the South and making it pay the costs of the war (Northern costs) by taking Southern property. A variety of practical difficulties that need not be investigated here rendered the Confiscation Acts of 1861 and 1862 relatively ineffective. (Of course there was a great deal of confiscation of property by Union armies on the grounds of military necessity, and perhaps an even greater amount of individual thievery that had nothing at all to do with the Confiscation Acts.)

But if those laws were ineffectual, there was more than one way to skin a rebel. Take the act of June 7, 1862, for the collection of direct taxes in the insurrectionary states, a law which created tax commissioners who would follow in the track of Union armies and auction off farms and plantations on which the tax had not been paid by the owners because they had fled before the invading Federals. Advance information of such actions was used by speculators with the right connections or a long purse to buy up valuable real estate for a fraction of its actual value. A Connecticut soldier wrote home complaining of the activities of what he called these "northern sharpers." Millions of dollars worth of Southern property was alienated in this way, and some of those who profited were men noted for their humanitarian and antislavery sentiments.

And then there were those who believed that laws were an unnecessary impediment, who said that the rebels, merely by being rebels, had forfeited all title to their lands. Let us, they said, redeem the South, fill it up with an enlightened population, make it over in the image of New England, and the profits will roll in. Eli Thayer, who had tried to do this in Kansas and in the upper South before the war, wanted to try again in Florida. Thousands of troops were enlisted in the Northeast by the political general Nathaniel Banks to occupy Texas and get rich growing cotton. What was even better, such lucrative enterprises were depicted as a religious duty. Part of trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath were stored was to steal the vineyard. The South was seen as a holy eldorado, fit reward for the righteous. In this connection, it may not be out of place to mention the series of orders issued by Secretary of War Edwin Stanton turning over southern churches to Northern clergy, who urgently sought and eagerly accepted these spoils of the crusade.

Far more sweeping than the Confiscation Acts or even the Direct Tax Act was the Captured and Abandoned Property Act of March 1863, under which millions of dollars worth of cotton was summarily sequestered, and farms and plantations seized, many to be operated by Northern speculators employing the ex-slaves, who were often kept at work by the Union army. About 95 percent of the property "captured" under this law was cotton, and the law provided a cover for the theft of still more by army, navy, and treasury officials as well as by private speculators. The Union navy employed a more forthright kind of confiscation. Gunboats ranged the Mississippi and its tributaries, scouring the countryside for cotton with captured teams and wagons, then sending the spoils to Federal courts as prizes of war.

Much more cotton was acquired at bargain prices by trading through the military lines. Under acts of Congress imaginatively executed by the Lincoln administration, a huge trade sprang up in food, ammunition, weapons, shoes, blankets, and other things needed by the Confederate army. Men of the first rank engaged in this traffic: congressmen, governors, generals, diplomatic officials, and newspaper editors, not to mention swarms of small-fry. A tide of commerce surged through the military frontier from the Rio Grande to the Chesapeake Bay. In fact this trade began even before the war, but in anticipation of hostilities. After the organization of the Confederate government, Jefferson Davis sent Raphael Semmes north to buy munitions. The future Confederate admiral toured New York, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, where he was warmly received:

> *I found people everywhere not only willing but anxious to contract with me. I purchased large quantities of percussion caps in the city of New York and sent them by express to Montgomery. I made contracts for batteries of light artillery, powder, and other munitions, and succeeded in getting large quantities of powder shipped...I made a contract...for a complete set of machinery for rifling cannon, [together with] the skilled workmen to put it in operation. Some of these men...occupied high social positions and were men of wealth [who] afterward obtained lucrative contracts from the Federal government and became, in consequence, intensely loyal.*

In the meantime, the Confederate state department was receiving numerous requests from shipowners in Boston and other New England ports asking for letters of marque so that they might send out privateers to prey upon Northern shipping when the war began.

This sketch has perhaps suggested some of the ways that Southern wealth was transmuted into Northern profits. Of course, it was often not necessary to go South to make money; the war had opened up numberless opportunities for enterprising men who could stay at home and make a bundle.

In 1862 Edward A. Pollard wrote in his *Southern*

History of the War that:

> *the realization of the war in the North was, in many respects, nothing more than that of an immense money job. The large money expenditure at Washington supplied a vast fund of corruption; it enriched the commercial centres of the North...it interested vast numbers of politicians, contractors, and dissolute public men in continuing the war and enlarging the scale of its operations; and, indeed, the disposition to make money out of the war accounts for much of that zeal in the North, which was mistaken for political ardor or the temper of patriotic devotion."*

Pollard was of course delivering a very partisan opinion, but knowledgeable Northerners were saying much the same thing. Henry S. Olcott, special investigator for the War and Navy Departments, wrote an article in 1878 entitled "The War's Carnival of Fraud." After detailing some of his experiences, he concluded: "It is my deliberate conviction, based upon the inspection of many bureaus, and the examination of...thousands of witnesses, in every walk of life, that at least twenty, if not twenty-five, percent of the entire expenditures of the government during the Rebellion, were tainted with fraud." And years later, the historian Fred Shannon estimated that of the money paid out in army contracts, 50 percent was clear profit.

Of course, profiteering and fraud have accompanied all our wars, but the striking thing about these practices in the 1860s was their pervasiveness; they were so pervasive that they seemed to be of the very essence of the Northern war effort. Furthermore, these practices were put into operation with a quickness, skill, and efficiency that strongly suggest a long-standing and settled way of doing business, a code of behavior followed by a remarkable number of entrepreneurs and politicians whose great aim in life was to make money, and who saw the war as a heaven-sent opportunity to do so on an unprecedented scale. This calls to mind some of Alexis de Tocqueville's more pungent observations on American life in the 1830s, when entrepreneurialism was beginning to hit full stride. He wrote of the "the commercial fervour which seems to devour the whole of society, the thirst for gain, the respect for money, and the bad faith in business which appears on every side...If the number of passions seem restricted here, it is because they have all been absorbed in just one: the love of wealth." In comparing the typical Kentuckian with the typical Ohioan, he said of the latter that he regards "temporal prosperity as the principal aim of his existence; and as the country which he occupies presents inexhaustible resources to his industry and ever-varying lures to his activity, his acquisitive ardor surpasses the ordinary limits of human cupidity; he is tormented by the desire of wealth;...the resources of his intelligence are astonishing and his avidity in the pursuit of gain amounts to a species of heroism."

The all-consuming passion for wealth that so impressed Tocqueville was characteristic of an entrepreneurial society in a rich country that was finding the means of exploiting its great natural resources, and it goes far to explain why so many people high and low regarded the war primarily as a money-making proposition. There is not time to enter upon a doleful recitation of the endless tale of fraud, corruption, profiteering, and near-treason in the North, of the foisting on the troops of guns that would not shoot, food that was inedible, clothes that fell apart, and so forth—even though it is a story that tells a great deal about the nature of the war.

But this sort of thing is not the whole story. A rather grim anecdote may illustrate the point. It was related by an ex-Confederate whose home was near Fredericksburg. He wrote:

> *In 1865-1866 some shrewd Yankee contractors obtained government sanction to disinter all the Federal dead on the battlefields of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, and Spotsylvania Court House. They were paid per capita...I found the contractor provided with unpainted boxes of common pine about six feet long and twelve inches wide; but I soon saw this scoundrel was dividing the remains so as to make as much by his contract as possible. I at once reported what I had seen to Col. E. V. Sumner, Jr....He was utterly shocked at this vandalism. I afterward heard that the contract was...given to more reliable parties.*

This vignette was more than just another example of sordid quest for profits even at the expense of the dead. The men whose bones were divided by the enterprising contractors had made fourteen separate assaults on the impregnable position at Marye's Hill. They did not look death in the face and still march on to their fate because they were out to make a buck. There was no margin of profit for them. The Georgians behind the stone wall were not guarding any treasure trove.

Nevertheless, there were riches on that field. Refine away all the war's impurities—the greed and trickery, the cheating and faithlessness—and there remains an irreducible core of pure gold: the courage of Northern soldiers who gave themselves to battle and to death because of duty. Men such as these earned with blood the profound respect of their indomitable Confederate antagonists, who would want us to remember them. All of them, Yanks and Rebs alike, died for the sins of the plundering generation. ☆

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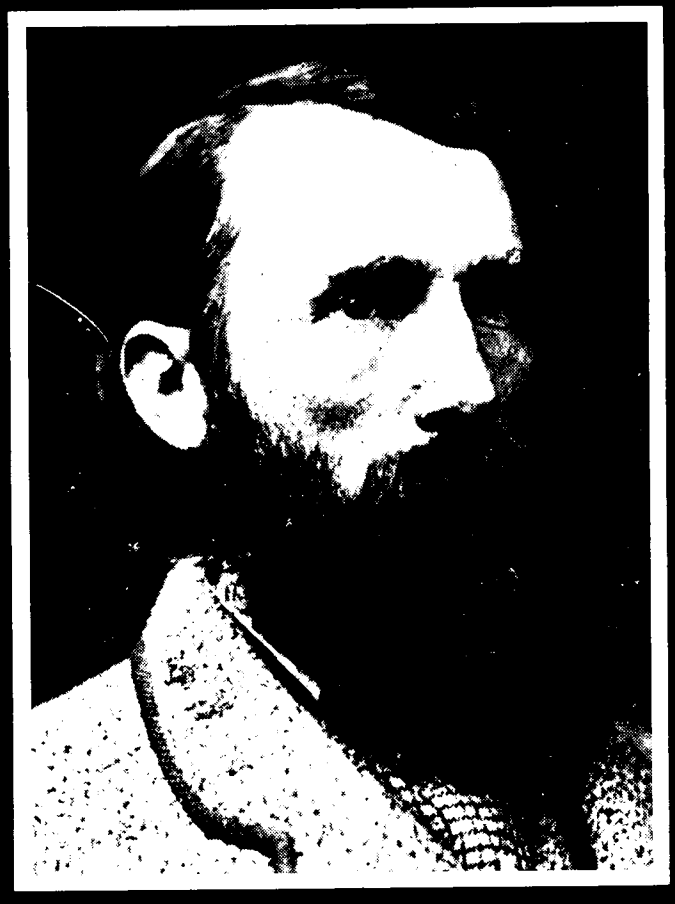
A.P. HILL
and the Charge of the Light Brigade

by V. Dennis Wrynn



Ambrose Powell Hill may truly be called a Virginia Cavalier. He was descended on both sides of his family from Royalists who had fought under Charles the Second against Cromwell in England. Born in Culpeper, Virginia, on November 9, 1825, to Fannie Baptist Hill, who was descended from the Earl of Gainsboro, and Major Thomas Hill, whose father had served in the American Revolution with "Light Horse Harry" Lee, Powell Hill grew up affirming the outdoor life of the South, hunting, fishing, and becoming an expert horseman.

When he was sixteen years old, Powell Hill entered West Point as a cadet in the class of 1846. Among the classmates Hill met upon his arrival at West Point were Fitz-John Porter, George Pickett, Dabney Maury, Cadmus Wilcox, and Thomas J. Jackson. His roommate was a young man named George Brinton McClellan. In his first two years as a cadet, Hill was approximately in the middle of his class in both academic achievement and deportment, although in his second year his academic standing improved to 23rd in his class. Disaster struck the following fall when Hill fell ill and was sent home by the school surgeon. Records maintained at the academy indicate that Hill had contracted venereal disease, which later lead to prostatitis. He lost the entire year and became by default a member of the class of 1847. His closest friends now became Ambrose Burnside and Harry Heth. In fact, the three of them were made the class party managers, and were well-known for their sociability. Upon graduation, 15th in a class of 38, Hill received orders for Mexico and served during the war there with T.J. Jackson and John B. Magruder. Hill had lost a year of active service because of his illness, and thus missed the major battles of the Mexican War where others made their military reputations. However, he was the only member of his class to actively serve in the Mexican War.

From 1849 until 1855 A.P. Hill served in Florida, Texas, and back again in Florida. He then took a medical leave due to recurring attacks of what appeared to be yellow fever, and subsequently transferred to the United States Coast Survey Office in Washington, D.C., where he was commended for his ability and zeal.It was at this point in his career that Hill became romantically involved with Miss Nelly Marcy, daughter of an Army officer. Hill's old roommate, George McClellan, had left the Army to pursue a career with the Illinois Central Railroad, and was an unsuccessful candidate for Miss Nelly's hand. The blond beauty was more interested in Ambrose Powell Hill, but her parents most emphatically were not. The following is part of a letter from Captain Marcy to his daughter: "You have been gratified in every wish except this and I think it is no more than right that you should pay some little attention to the wishes of your parents... I inquired about Mr. Hill's family in Corpus Christi and I am inclined to believe that they are in very moderate circumstances so far as property goes... I forgive you, but I shall expect that you at once abandon all communication with Mr. Hill. If you do not comply with my wishes in this respect I cannot tell what my feelings towards you would become. I fear that my ardent affections would turn to hate. Do nothing therefore my dear without choosing between me and him. If I cannot trust you who can I trust." Another letter from the Captain discussed Hill's financial condition: "I received a letter from Mr. Hill in which he says he is worth about ten thousand dollars. This is something but not much."

Mrs. Marcy was also determined in her opposition to the Culpeper Cavalier, and it appears that she spread rumors in the Capital regarding Hill's character and moral standards, including reference to his purported social disease. As a gentleman was responsible for his wife's activities in those days, Hill responded with a very indignant letter to Captian Marcy demanding that Nelly's mother correct the situation by explaining to her "confidantes" that she did not believe these rumors to be true. Captain Marcy complied with Hill's wishes and seemed truly shocked by his wife's activities. These combined pressures, however, adversely affected Miss Nelly. She returned Hill's ring and ultimately married McClellan. Powell Hill, who was always a gentleman, attended the wedding.

In 1853 Hill met a very attractive widow from Kentucky named Kitty Morgan McClung, also known as Dolly. Her brother was John Hunt Morgan, who would go on to great fame as a Confederate cavalry raider. Powell Hill courted and won the beautiful Dolly in 1859.

Within a year Hill would take a leave of absence from the Army as rumors of sectional strife persisted. In April of 1861, after a long talk with his old friend, George McClellan, Hill resigned his captaincy in the United States Army to join his native state when Virginia seceded.

Hill was commissioned a Colonel in the 13th Virginia Infantry and ordered to report to General Joseph E. Johnston in the Shenandoah Valley. Among his fellow officers at this time were Sandy Pendleton, Kirby Smith, Jeb Stuart, and T.J. Jackson. Powell Hill was successful in his first engagement at Romney (now West Virginia) against union General Lew Wallace, whose later fame would come from his book, *Ben-Hur.* Hill's regiment was placed under the brigade command of Colonel Arnold Elzey. One can visualize Elzey through this quote from the book, *Four Years With The Stonewall Brigade,* by J.O. Casler: "One evening the crusty Marylander invited the sentinel guarding his quarters to join the officers in a round of drinks. After imbibing freely, Elzey retired and the

guard returned to his post. At daybreak the guard stuck his head in the tent and roused his slumbering chief by raucously exclaiming, 'Ain't it time for us to take another drink?' Elzey arrested him."

When Johnston's command went to the aid of Beauregard at First Manassas, Hill expected a hot fight; instead he was assigned to the Confederate right, an area of little fighting. A.P. Hill's turn would come during the retreat from Williamsburg during the Peninsular Campaign in May, 1862. By this time he was a general commanding the First Brigade of Longstreet's Second Division. One of his regiments was commanded by Colonel James Kemper, Hill's boyhood companion. While under heavy artillery fire during this retrograde, Longstreet ordered his brigades to lash out at the pressing Federals. The attack was a success, as the Confederates charged with the bayonet when ammunition ran low, and they replenished their supply of cartridges from the bodies of the Union dead. This dramatic turnabout made Hill the talk of both Richmond and the Army. As would often occur in Hill's command, his brigade had the highest casualties, losing 326 men. In turn, he had captured 8 cannon, 7 battle flags and 165 men. For his performance, Hill was commended by Longstreet and the Richmond press, which needed a hero with the enemy at the gates.

As a result of his dash and ability at Williamsburg, and because the gathering of troops for the defense of the Confederate capital called for an additional major general, "little Powell Hill", as some fellow officers referred to him, received his division on May 27, 1862.

He was immediately ordered to Mechanicsville as part of the left wing of the Confederate defense. Four days later, at the Battle of Seven Pines, Joe Johnston was severely wounded, leaving the way open for Robert E. Lee to take command. One of Lee's first acts was to name his forces the Army of Northern Virginia. At the same time Hill named his organization "The Light Division". Some veterans would say it was so named because it usually traveled very light, without coats or blankets, only carrying weapons and haversacks, which were quite often empty. There had also been a British division under Wellington at the Battle of Talavera named the Light Division because it marched 62 miles in 26 hours, and may have served as a model for Hill.

The six brigades of the Light Division were commanded by Charles Field, Maxey Gregg, Joseph Anderson, O'Brien Branch, James Archer and Dorsey Pender. Only two would survive the War, and one of these seriously wounded. Hill had 14,000 to 15,000 effectives out of 23,000 men, a rather large division by Confederate standards.

At Mechanicsville it was imperative that Jackson notify Hill when he was in position, since he was to support Hill's frontal attack on Fitz-John Porter with a flank attack on that same union general. Jackson had marched from the Shenandoah Valley and appeared tired and in a fog at Lee's war council on June 23rd. He said he would be in place by June 25th. Longstreet asked him to defer until the 26th, as "Old Pete" considered Jackson's timing too ambitious. He was right. Jackson was late, six hours late, in contacting Branch's brigade on Hill's northern flank. By three o'clock in the afternoon an engagement that was to have begun at six in the morning still had not started.

Impatient and impetuous, Hill decided to attack McClellan's entire right wing with the unsupported Light Division. He did not consult Lee, whose headquarters were 2 miles away. He did not attempt to locate Jackson, who was now 9 hours behind schedule. Instead he personally led his division against the Union forces at Beaver Dam Creek, capturing Mechanicsville on the way. Hill left most of his artillery in reserve and was hammered by Porter's guns. At one time Pegram's 6 Napoleons were being fired on by 30 enemy cannon. General Lee came up and ordered Hill to cease his attack in the face of these superior defensive positions. Once again Hill ignored his orders. Quicksand negated an attack on the left, so Hill ordered Dorsey Pender to attack on the right. The attack failed with heavy casualties to Pender's brigade and that of General Ripley, who had supported the attack.

Darkness ended the battle. That night Lee asked his courier to repeat the orders he had given to Hill to stop the advance. This was done in front of Hill and was Lee's method of censuring him for his disobedience. Hill was not at all repentant. He had cleared the way for Longstreet's attack, and although it did not occur for a number of reasons, he felt justified in ordering the attack at Beaver Dam Creek. He was also assuming that Jackson, so long delayed, would ultimately arrive to attack Porter's flank.

Hill in this instance displayed a dangerous tendency that would surface more than once in the War. When he made up his mind to do something it was awfully difficult to dissuade him, and he did not let anybody else's interpretation of events interfere with his own. Many a commander would have court-martialed him. Hill was fortunate to have a leader who could forgive and also rectify some of this ill-conceived aggressiveness.

The next morning, after crossing Beaver Dam Creek against token resistance, almost the same situation occurred. Hill was once again ordered to make a frontal attack at Powhite Creek near Gaines Mill, while Jackson and Daniel Harvey Hill attacked the right

flank, and Longstreet would batter the left flank. Again and again Hill threw the Light Division at the Union center, but was unable to maintain a lodgement. Finally John B. Hood's 4th Texas Brigade attacked through Hill's shattered brigades and broke the Federal line, routing Porter's men in total confusion. Hill had attacked "without hesitation and with undiminished ardor" and obeyed his orders promptly and correctly. Once again Jackson had been slow to support the Light Division, leaving Hill to attack Porter's 30,000 men unsupported. Once again, Fitz-John Porter had saved the Union Army. The 2 days of fighting, while not decisive Confederate victories, forced McClellan to give up his strategic objective at Richmond, and necessitated his immediate retreat to protect his supply base and avoid being cut off. The tables now were turned, and Lee was after him and his huge supply trains.

Two days later at Frazier's Farm, Hill and Longstreet attacked McClellan's flank as ordered even though Jackson failed to attack the rear of the Union forces. The fierce fight went on for hours and as darkness fell, the issue was still in doubt. Beseeching his reserves to save the day, Hill sent them screaming the "rebel yell" against the Union lines, and they at last succeeded, forcing the enemy back again. The Light Division missed the final battle of the campaign at Malvern Hill, and that was a fortunate occurrence. McClellan's massed artillery slaughtered the attacking Confederates that day, allowing the Union Army to escape to Harrison's Landing . The trap had creaked rather than snapped shut, Hill suffered 4,000 casualties, and the Army of the Potomac had survived to fight another day. However, the threat against Richmond had been decisively turned back, and Lee was ready to take the offensive. Unfortunately, there were some personnel problems to be attended to first, not the least of which was the confrontation brewing between Hill and Longstreet. As the Army of Northern Virginia rested in the camps around the capital, the men often read the *Richmond Examiner*. It was edited by John Daniel, who had been wounded at Gaines Mill while serving on A.P. Hill's staff. He glorified the Light Division and its leader outrageously, and irritated others in the Southern Army. The paper also insinuated that Longstreet had been derelict in his duty, and "Old Pete" prepared an incensed reply to the *Whig*, a competitive newspaper. His Assistant Adjutant General, Moxley Sorrel, agreed to sign the document. Though Longstreet knew that Daniel had served as a civilian, he referred to him as Hill's staff officer and questioned his veracity. Hill immediately requested to be relieved from Longstreet's command. The General endorsed the request as follows; "I see no particular reason why Major General A.P. Hill should not be gratified."

Lee attempted to ignore the incident but Hill would not let it lie. He started gathering information about the controversy and refused to communicate with Moxley Sorrel regarding another written report. When ordered to do so by Longstreet, Hill still refused and was placed under arrest. The arresting officer was none other than Moxley Sorrel. A spate of angry correspondence led to plans for a duel between the generals before Lee intervened, restoring Hill to divisional command but transferring the division to Jackson's Corps in the Shenandoah Valley. Hill and Longstreet co-operated militarily later in the War. Hill was always generous to subordinates, and in 1864 he recommended Moxley Sorrel for brigadier-general. Sorrel later wrote, "Nothing could exceed his kindness in receiving me; it continued all through my service in his corps, and I had every evidence of the good feeling of this distinguished officer."

Jackson, so stern and aloof, and Hill, so cordial and sociable, made quite a pair. There was little hope of their becoming friends. Jackson inspired a lot of respect but not very much friendship. Within a week of Hill's arrival the two were at odds over the order of march. This would later lead to a charge against Hill of tardiness and disobedience. In their first action together at Cedar Mountain, Jackson was preparing to attack the Union lines after an artillery duel when the Federals struck first. The Light Division raced forward and charged into the fray with both Jackson and Hill, swords drawn, in the midst of the action. O'Brien Branch's brigade broke the Union attack, and in concert with Archer's and Pender's brigades, routed the enemy. Powell Hill had certainly proved himself to be a valuable subordinate in this action.

Hardly had the dust settled on Cedar Mountain when Hill again failed to follow Jackson's marching orders, and this incident would lead to formal charges against Hill in the future. As part of Lee's continuing advance against General Pope, Hill's men marched 54 miles in 2 days, eating green apples and green corn picked along the way. Having positioned themselves at Centreville, Jackson's corps now awaited the arrival of Longstreet. Hill's men prepared for the enemy in an abandoned railway cut. They were attacked 6 separate times by the divisions of Hooker and Reno in one afternoon. Before the last assault, the Confederates were down to one cartridge each. Hill shouted to his men, "Give them the rocks and the bayonet! Hold your position and I'll have ammunition for you!" Officers rushed spare cartridges forward. Maxey Gregg's unit was attacked by 5 Union brigades and was out of ammunition. This gentlemanly South Carolinian walked his battle line with an ancestor's Revolutionary War sword unsheathed, say-

ing to his troops, "Let us die here, my men, let us die here!" The division held and repelled the enemy forces. When Jackson was told, he smiled and said, "I knew he would do it." After Longstreet arrived on the field, the Southerners attacked and utterly defeated General Pope at the Battle of Second Manassas, leaving the way open for Lee's invasion of Maryland.

No sooner had the orders been given for the march northward than Hill again failed to march on time. Jackson also accused Hill of allowing his command to straggle. When Stonewall gave orders directly to one of Hill's brigades, Hill rode up to Jackson and said, "You have assumed command of my division -- here is my sword -- I have no use for it!" Jackson told him to keep his sword but arrested him for neglect of duty, and sent him to march at the rear of the division.

As part of Lee's strategy, Jackson was to subdue Harpers Ferry and secure Lee's wagon routes. This he did rather handily. Prior to the battle, Hill had asked to be restored to command and was now left at Harpers Ferry to parole the prisoners and start moving the captured supplies southward. In the meantime Jackson hurried the rest of his corps to reunite with Lee at Sharpsburg.

The famous circumstances leading up to the bloodiest one-day battle in American history need not be repeated here. Suffice it to say that Lee sent Hill a message urging him to hurry in support; every man in gray would be needed that day. The Light Division forced-marched 17 miles to Antietam Creek, arriving just as Burnside's troops finally crossed the stone bridge on the Confederate right, and his 15,000 men were pushing for Lee's rear. The 2,000 men of the Light Division drove into the enemy and repulsed them. The day was won, or at least not lost. Maxey Gregg had been knocked from his horse by a shell fragment, and O'Brien Branch was killed by a sharpshooter.

The next day Lee retreated across the Potomac, with Hill acting as rearguard. In a sudden surprise, Fitz-John Porter's men attacked across the river and defeated a small Confederate force, capturing 4 guns. Lee wanted the Federals to stay north of the river, so he sent Hill back to counterattack at Boteler's Ford. In a magnificent charge, without artillery support, Hill's brigades threw the Union soldiers back across the Potomac, killing many of them as they forded the river. In a letter to President Jefferson Davis subsequent to the Maryland campaign, Robert E. Lee wrote that after Jackson and Longstreet, Hill was the best commander he had, noting that not only did he fight well, but also took good care of his troops.

Within 3 months the antagonists were face to face at Fredericksburg. Hill was on the Confederate right and, disregarding the advice of others, did not defend an area of marsh and heavy undergrowth. Jackson predicted that the enemy would go right for the gap, but Hill said his artillery could handle any situation that occurred there. Sure enough, General George Meade forced the gap, breaching a considerable area of the southern line. Gregg's brigade came up in support and bore the brunt of the attack. Maxey Gregg fell mortally wounded, and it was necessary that Jubal Early counterattack to drive the enemy forces from this dangerous salient. Hill had made his decision unilaterally, against good advice, and it was wrong. While Fredericksburg was a resounding Confederate success, the Light Division took twice as many casualties as any other Confederate division, and this must be attributed to Hill's failure to cover the gap in his lines which led to the Union penetration of that sector.

Examining A.P. Hill's career at this juncture, one sees a man who was certainly brave, steadfast and loyal, but who possessed an independent streak which was sometimes a detriment to the Confederate cause. He did not appear to value the opinions of his superiors, and there appears to be enough evidence to suggest that the problems between him and Jackson had their origins in the basic personality clash between the two men. How they must have irritated each other!

A.P. Hill often disregarded his superiors, including General Lee, and this affinity for making his own decisions cost lives, won battles, and created a distinct animosity between Hill and his corps commanders, Jackson and Longstreet. Powell Hill was proud and inflexible in demanding his rights, and therefore the bane of his superiors. At the same time, his subordinates loved him and many considered him a model soldier. A convivial fellow, he was known to "drink to the limits of moderation", and enjoyed a pipe with friends. Hill was handsome, with a full red beard and neck-length red hair. In combat he had an air of intense excitement about him, and often wore a single spur and a red battle shirt. He continually rode "to the guns". His devoted wife and daughters often moved to be near him in camp, but duty always came first with Hill. His impetuosity got him into trouble, and his courage and determination got him out. It could be said that this would not be a good combination for a corps commander. Captain James Boswell, an aide to Jackson who would be killed with the General at Chancellorsville, had the following comment about Hill at this time: "(I) was present at the review of the Light Division; a most imposing sight this... I doubt not the finest division in the Confederate Army and its gallant little major general, A.P. Hill, has no superior in any army. The division is in fine condition and much better clothed than I expected; will whip twice their number of Yankees at any time."

As the Army of Northern Virginia prepared for the spring campaign, there were rumors that Hill would replace Braxton Bragg in the West, but nothing came of them. Most observers would have been glad to see Bragg replaced by anyone, but an aggressive personality like A.P. Hill makes for interesting speculation, especially in conjunction with Nathan B. Forrest, the famous Confederate cavalryman.

Before the Battle of Second Manassas, Hill had demanded a court-martial be convened so he could defend himself against Jackson's charges and his arrest on the road to Harpers Ferry. Lee knew there could be no winners in such a fight and called a private council with these two able officers. But it was to no avail. The battle at Bull Run had intervened; now Hill was back hard at it. He wanted Jackson tried on charges that Hill had preferred during the 1862 invasion of Maryland. There are no surviving copies of these charges. Lee was still attempting to defuse the situation, but Hill and Jackson were seriously after each other now, and were building towards an explosion that would have been extremely damaging to the Confederacy.

Was Hill looking for a showdown that would discredit Jackson and give ascendancy to his own star? Possibly, but that would have been both suicidal and damaging to his country, and Hill was a patriot with great personal integrity. Rather it would seem that Hill was a proud man demanding his rights even though they might hurt him and possibly become an embarrassment.

Lee was saved from a decision requiring the wisdom of Solomon by old Joe Hooker, now across the Rappahannock in command of the Army of the Potomac. Hooker had a good plan and 133,000 men, but at Chancellorsville his right flank was unprotected, and he was up against Lee when his army was at its finest. Jackson's flank attack was a classic still studied in war colleges, and soon had the Union forces retreating in panic and confusion. Preparatory to a follow-up night attack by the Light Division, both Jackson and Hill were scouting the front within sight and hearing of each other. Hill's group was fired upon at the same time as Jackson's, but by different southern troops. Hill rushed to Stonewall's side and helped his chief remove his blood-filled gloves and sabre belt. Hill then held his bitter rival to his chest, administered brandy, and organized Jackson's removal from the battlefield. Within minutes Hill was himself hurt by a shell fragment which cut both his boot tops and severely bruised his legs. The pain was so intense that he could not walk. Jeb Stuart was located and took control of the corps, a missed opportunity for A.P. Hill.

Stonewall Jackson's death ended the spectre of a court-martial and caused endless discussion regarding his successor as commander of the Second Corps. Lee, in his wisdom, settled the issue by creating a Third Corps, with Jackson's command going to Dick "Old Baldy" Ewell, and Powell Hill getting the new corps. Both men were promoted to Lieutenant General. In later years Longstreet would complain that both Lafayette McLaws and Daniel Harvey Hill were more qualified than A.P. Hill, but were penalized because they were not Virginians. It was not an issue at the time and, according to Douglas Southall Freeman, Lee had reservations based on experience about both of these officers. Another compromise was accomplished with the elevation of Dorsey Pender to the command of a somewhat smaller "Light Division" and promotion of Henry Heth to commander of a newly created division.

After the resounding Confederate victory at Chancellorsville, Lee once again headed north on the road that would take him to Gettysburg. When that conflict erupted, Hill was sick, but his troops were heavily involved in the victory on the first day. Unfortunately, James Archer was captured and Heth was knocked out by a federal minie ball. The good general had "liberated" a hat earlier that day at Cashtown that was too big for him. His solution was to pack paper around the inner rim, a remedy which was to save his life when he was hit in the head by a northern bullet.

On the second day, Dorsey Pender was wounded in the leg by a shell fragment. Infection set in, causing the amputation of his leg. Pender never recovered. He had seemed indestructible -- now he was gone. On the third day, Longstreet was in command of the attempt on the Union center at Cemetery Ridge. "Old Pete" was never in favor of the plan and very reluctantly gave Pickett the order to advance. The majority of the troops in the action were from the Third Corps; some critics feel that Hill, who firmly believed in Lee's plan and was an aggressive and experienced battlefield commander, would have been a better choice for this operation. Hindsight, however, is easy. A.P. Hill did not shine at Gettysburg, but then again, how many Confederates did? Lee, Longstreet, Stuart and Ewell have all been criticized for their performances on that field.

It was a long and painful road home from Pennsylvania for the Army of Northern Virginia, but the Spanish-born general, George Meade, showed little desire to challenge the retreat. Hill lost General Johnston Pettigrew in a skirmish on the way south, killed by a Union cavalryman. After resting and rebuilding, Lee initiated action during October against Meade's army by attempting to get behind the Federals at Culpeper. Intercepted semaphore signals gave Meade time to retreat, but Lee kept pushing to get between him and Washington, as he knew what consternation that would cause in the White House. As

part of this advance, Hill precipitously attacked the enemy at Bristoe Station. It was a trap and cost Hill 1,300 casualties. In his report Hill stated, "I am convinced that I made the attack too hastily, and at the same time that a delay of half an hour, and there would have been no enemy to attack. In that event I believe I should equally have blamed myself for not attacking at once." There seems to have been a reluctance on Hill's part to accept fault or criticism. When Jefferson Davis received this report he added, "There was a want of vigilance." A failure to reconnoiter was the underlying reason for this defeat, this stain on Hill's record. Without a Longstreet or a Jackson to restrain him, Hill's own rashness held the seeds of his failure. Lee's comment, so typical of this fine and forgiving man, was as follows: "Well, well, General, bury these poor men and let us say no more about it."

During the long winter of '63-'64, Hill visited the Capitol at Richmond with his wife. Her famous brother, John Hunt Morgan, was there after his celebrated escape from a northern penitentiary, and a series of receptions were held with speeches by Jeb Stuart and others. Hill returned to his troops in mid-January to start preparing for the next campaign. The Yankee opponent would be a different sort this spring, and his name would be Ulysses Grant.

The two great armies met in May near Chancellorsville in an area called "The Wilderness", very aptly named. On the first day, Heth's division repulsed seven separate assaults. As Lee's plan for the next day called for Longstreet to relieve the Third Corps, it seemed acceptable to Hill that his weary soldiers sleep where they had fought, and he made no attempt to straighten or strengthen his lines. His divisional commanders, Heth and Wilcox, were very aware of the precarious position of their men, in some places only 50 yards from the enemy, and entreated Hill in vain to realign his position. Heth was particularly upset about this casual attitude on the part of his commander and pressed him again on the issue. Lee had told Hill to rest the men where they were, and Powell Hill replied to Heth, "No, I will not have the men disturbed. Let them rest as they are. It is not intended that they fight tomorrow. Longstreet is now at Mine Run. General Lee has ordered him to move... he has only 8 miles to march. He will be here long before day." General Wilcox appealed directly to Lee with no success. Heth also looked for Lee just before dawn but could not find him. When the sun rose that morning, Longstreet was not in position. Hancock's Union troops overwhelmed the poorly positioned Third Corps. A.P. Hill served an artillery piece himself in an effort to stem the blue tide. Finally Longstreet's men arrived and turned back the enemy. Their counterattack rolled up the Second Corps of the Union Army like a wet blanket, in the words of a man who was there. Unfortunately, "Old Pete" was wounded in this battle.

The Confederates had fought the enemy to a standstill, inflicting severe casualties, but Grant was not the retreating type. He attempted to slide to his left but was anticipated by Lee and the armies met again at Spotsylvania. Hill was not in command at this time, having been replaced by Jubal Early after informing Lee that he was ill. In fact, Powell Hill had been sick since the beginning of the Wilderness Campaign. This recurring illness, which would prostrate the General for weeks at a time was attributed to the lingering effects of prostatitis. He would be incapacitated for two weeks. At this time Lee also suffered a loss in the death of Jeb Stuart. One can imagine his feelings as he totaled the losses in his command structure. Hill recovered from his illness in time to resume command of his corps as they built a defensive line on the North Anna River. Hill almost immediately orderd an ill-conceived operation at Jericho Mills against the same man who had defeated him at Bristoe Station, that soldier being Gouverneur K. Warren. Wilcox's division suffered more than 600 casualties and achieved nothing. Lee was extremely upset at this turn of events and admonished Hill, saying, "Why did you not do as Jackson would have done -- thrown your whole force upon these people and drive them back?" Hill could not answer him.

Grant now sideslipped his 110,000 men across the James River to attack Petersburg. General Beauregard managed to stave off the invaders until Lee's army arrived, an action for which Beauregard does not receive much recognition. The War would now become one of attrition, and Lee knew it was just a matter of time unless some political act intervened.

When the Federals struck for the vital supply lines into Petersburg, Lee's veterans struck back. In June General Billy Mahone turned back Hancock's division while bagging 1800 prisoners, 4 cannon, and 8 battle standards. Hill thought very highly of Mahone and called upon him again when the Federals exploded a mine under the Southern lines and initiated the Battle of the Crater. What started out as Union breakthrough that could have ended the War became instead a slaughter pen for the Union troops interdicted by the aroused men of the Third Corps.

A.P. Hill's last major success took place at Reams Station on August 25, 1864. His opponent was again Gouverneur K. Warren, but this time Hill's depleted corps ravaged the enemy troops, taking 2700 prisoners, 7 battle flags, and 9 artillery pieces. Even though Hill had beaten him, Warren was able to maintain a block on the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad. Hill, therefore, in conjunction with Wade Hampton,

savagely attacked Hancock's and Warren's troops again and shattered them, sending the survivors to the rear. The number of Union prisoners taken, 2150, outnumbered Hill's entire force. He also captured 9 cannon, 12 battleflags, and 3100 small-arms. It was A.P. Hill's finest hour as a corps commander.

Interestingly, this Southern victory also buoyed the hopes of the Democratic Peace Party in the north. Their candidate was George B. McClellan. One southerner didn't like that idea and remarked, "McClellan might have the Union restored, if elected. I should prefer to remain at war for the rest of my life rather than to have any connection with the Yankees."

Through the fall months, the Confederates continued to defeat the Federal attacks, and Heth and Malone decisively defeated Hancock at the Boydton Plank Road in October. Hill was sick at the time and unable to take the field. Dolly Hill and their three girls stayed near him in the camp during that terrible winter, helping him to endure and overcome his deteriorating health. Around the middle of March in 1865, Lee ordered Hill to take a medical leave. While recuperating away from the lines, Hill visited Richmond and declared most emphatically that he did not wish to survive the fall of that city.

The General's continuing physical deterioration made him a semiinvalid during the winter of 1864-1865. Hill had been seriously ill at Westpoint. He suffered yellow fever and possibly malaria attacks after war service in Florida and, of course, underwent privation with his beloved soldiers for the four long years of this War. Some historians feel that his illness was psychosomatic and that Hill became ill trying to do more than he was capable of doing. It could also be said that this inspirational and patriotic officer of the Confederacy continually put himself in harm's way, sharing the hardships of military life in the field, and wore himself out fighting the weakness of his own body as well as his country's enemies. That he was able to perform so well for so long is a tribute to his courage. One must not forget that more soldiers died from illness and disease in this War than from enemy bullets.

The morning after George Pickett's crushing defeat at Five Forks, Ambrose Powell Hill was killed while trying to rejoin his command. Accompanied only by his aide, Sergeant Tucker, he was riding through fields on his way to his troops when he was accosted by two Yankee skirmishers. Hill called on them to surrender, but they chose to fight. One of them shot General Hill through the heart; Sergeant Tucker escaped.

The end was near; Richmond would fall within days, and one must harken back to Hill's words that he did not choose to survive the fall of the capital. Did Hill commit suicide that April morn? His mood would have had to be black indeed to throw away his life and leave his wife and three daughters alone in an increasingly hostile world. Still, he was an intensely proud man and the thought of defeat and surrender must have been intolerable to him. Hill's death reflects the waste of war more than it does a final gesture of defiance.

Apprised of Hill's death, Longstreet said, "The Southern service has lost a sword made bright by brave work upon many heavy fields." The news brought tears to the eyes of General Robert E. Lee and he said, "He is at rest now, and we who are left are the ones to suffer."

Two short years earlier, "Stonewall" Jackson had cried out, among his last words on his deathbed, "Tell A.P. Hill to prepare for action." Five years in the future, in Lexington, Virginia, the greatest soldier of all and one of our greatest Americans, Robert E. Lee, on his deathbed called through the encroaching darkness, "Tell Hill he must come up! Tell Hill he must come up!" What better eulogy could a faithful Southern soldier have? ☆

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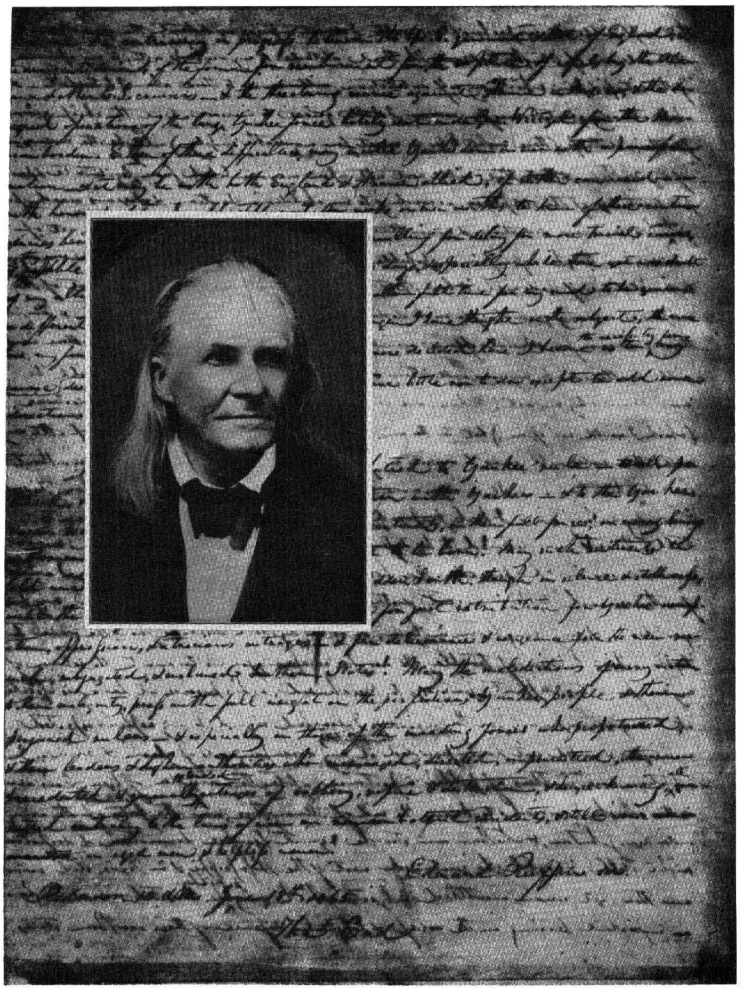

Edmund Ruffin and the Great "What If?"

By Stephen Davis

How many times have we fantasized about a Confederate victory in the War? Quite often, I bet, for a Southern triumph seems so tantalizing to the imagination. It's intriguing to speculate how a few key events might have turned about to bring Confederate success. Equally fascinating is to conjecture what might have happened in American history if the South had won.

A handful of writers have tackled these provocative questions. Best known among them is probably MacKinlay Kantor, whose "If the South Had Won the Civil War" was popularized by *LOOK* magazine in 1960. More recently, in *Southern Partisan* (Spring 1984), Sheldon Vanauken has also tweaked our imaginations by proposing a view of world history as it might have unfolded after the Confederacy secured its independence.

Surely the first writer, however, to ponder the great "what if?" is someone who didn't live in this century. In fact, his meditation was written *before* the war even broke out.

His name was Edmund Ruffin. Born in Virginia in 1794, he was a successful farmer, prolific writer and strong-willed political commentator. He was first and

foremost, in the decades before the War, an unabashed champion of the South. During the 1850's he argued vehemently in favor of slavery, against the perfidious Yankees, and increasingly for secession, especially following the growth of the "Black Republican" party that grew in the North.

In 1860 Ruffin was so concerned about the Republicans winning the presidential election in November that he decided to write a novel about what would happen if Northern politicians ever took control of the national government. Ruffin hoped his book, distributed throughout the South, would shock Southerners into realizing that their only hope for the future lay in defeating the Republican presidential candidate.

That spring, therefore, as the national political parties were about to choose their nominees, Ruffin dashed off his novel, found a publisher, and had a thousand copies printed in September. Entitled *Anticipations of the Future*, the book approached the political scene by imagining future events if the Yankee Republicans should win the White House that November.

It was a grim prospect. Abetted by President Lincoln, anti-slavery forces would seize control of Congress by bringing more free states into the Union. The President would pack the Supreme Court with vengeful abolitionists. Through vindictive legislation and court decrees, the South would gradually be pushed to the brink of social and economic disaster. Finally, after suffering through almost seven years of odious Republican rule, Southern leaders conclude that only by leaving the Union can they save their rights and their society.

Thus, in December 1867, the states of the Deep South announce secession. Federal forts are occupied, and a Confederate government is set up in Atlanta. The Northern President, William H. Seward (Ruffin imagined that Lincoln would serve a single term), responds by ordering a blockade of Confederate ports and calling up troops to invade the South. A Federal army of 25,000 volunteers sets out from southern Illinois in early May, 1868, to conquer the Mississippi Valley.

Yankee troops in the east, though, run into trouble. A column of 7,000 regulars march into northwestern Virginia, only to be ambushed by Virginia militiamen in the mountain passes. The first big fight of Ruffin's make-believe War, "the Battle of Deep Gorge," May 11, 1868, results in the Virginia sharpshooters, protected by rocky barricades, mowing down the government troops. They take flight, but are doggedly pursued by the Southerners until surrender is the only way out. The Union force gives up two weeks after the battle.

Meanwhile, out west, the Federals are also undone by a combination of troublesome terrain and Confederate courage. Steaming down the Mississippi, the Union army lands near Fort Calhoun, a strong Southern bastion along the river. In the process, Confederate cannonading sinks many transports, and the Federals lose valuable stores. Then, once on land, the Yankees besiege Fort Calhoun. But soon, beset by guerrillas and cut off from supplies, the Federal force dwindles through starvation and sickness. Ruffin has the Union commander surrender in mid-July.

By this time, swelled with victory, the rest of the South has seceded, and the Confederacy encompasses fourteen states. Stung by the twin disasters in Virginia and Mississippi, and aware that his naval blockade has been a failure, President Seward sues for peace with the South. After one last desperate Union thrust into Kentucky is blunted and dispersed, Northerners realize their war is a failure. A peace conference is announced on September 20, 1868. As a result, the Confederate States of America is assured its independence, and Ruffin's *Anticipations* ends with the South looking ahead to a happy future of growth and prosperity.

What a war! Instead of the bloody four-year attrition that the conflict actually became, 1861-65, Edmund Ruffin's foray into the might-have-been projects a quick victory for the Confederacy after barely four months of fighting. Of course, Ruffin was writing in 1860, before Fort Sumter, before even the election of Lincoln. So the author can be forgiven if he misjudged the course of future events.

When the war did come, however, and the South lost, Ruffin was so demoralized that he committed suicide and by his own hand joined the ranks of the Confederate dead. His last words, penned in his diary, have become famous as a statement of the unreconstructed Southern spirit:

> *And now, with my latest writing and utterance, & with what will be near to my latest breath, I hereby repeat & would willingly proclaim my unmitigated hatred to Yankee rule--to all political, social & business connection with the Yankees, & to the perfidious, malignant, & vile Yankee race.*

Ruffin's view, harsh by today's standards, articulates the final and desperate resentment of a man unwilling to live with history. Every now and then, though, it's fun for us Southerners to lay aside history's burden, place ourselves back in that heroic time of 1861, and imagine, "Well, what *might* have happened...?" It is an alluring question that will beckon us for generations to come. ☆

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THE STRANGE DEATHS OF CLEMENT L. VALLANDIGHAM AND THOMAS McGEHAN

By William E. Van Horne

Clement Vallandigham's name is known today, if at all, by a mere footnote to the history of the War Between the States. But during his lifetime he was one of the most controversial figures in America. To a majority of the people of the North he was a traitor. But to a minority he was a much-maligned hero. There were few who held opinions between these extremes.

A spellbinding orator, Vallandigham had been elected to the Ohio legislature as soon as his age, twenty-five years, met the statutory limit. Within one year, he so impressed his Democratic colleagues that he was made that party's choice for Speaker of the State House of Representatives. Although the Whig Party had a majority and was thus able to elect their candidate, the fact that Vallandigham was selected by his own party is a good indication of the impact this young man made upon his elders and his peers.

Later Vallandigham was elected to Congress and made his name in the turmoil of the 1850's and early 1860's. As a conservative Democrat, he opposed the abolition movement and the newly-emerging Republican Party. As developments moved inexorably toward disunion and war he became more vehemently a defender of States' Rights and a bitter opponent of the Lincoln Administration.

In the enthusiasm caused by the attack on Fort Sumter and the outbreak of war, opposition to the Union soon came to be identified with treason and people taking such a position were labelled Copperheads. Vallandigham became the recognized leader of the Copperheads and a focal point of bitter controversy throughout the war.

In contrast to Vallandigham's prominence, Thomas McGehan was a small-time local gambler, ruffian, and sometime saloon-keeper in Hamilton, Ohio, a center of manufacturing, which by the 1850's was known as a lusty and brawling little town, a reputation which persisted well into the twentieth century. Among the lustiest of its citizens were Tom McGehan and his three brothers.

In 1853, at the age of eighteen, Tom was arrested by the town marshal and charged with counterfeiting. He was subsequently released but from that time on he charged that the arrest had been false and due to malice on the part of the marshal, John C. Elliott.

Two years later Elliott came near to being assassinated. While he was seated in the doorway of the mayor's office with his back toward an adjacent alley, a would-be assassin fired at his head from around the corner of the building. Two balls grazed his neck and sank into the opposite side of the door frame.

George McGehan, Tom's older brother, was indicted for the attempted murder. Vallandigham was hired as his defense attorney. The trial was held in Dayton, after a change in venue from Hamilton, on April 20, 1855. The only eyewitness to the crime, a young girl, testified that from across the street she saw the assailant fire the shot. She thought he looked like the defendant, but her testimony was not positive. The jury brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty". Some years later, a friend of the McGehans reportedly told on his deathbed that the culprit had actually been Tom McGehan, not George.

During the subsequent years Tom McGehan became active in politics while at the same time figuring again and again in episodes of violence. He continued his enmity with Elliott and carried the rivalry into politics. He scored a great triumph over the older man when, in 1860, Tom ran for town marshal and won! It challenges the imagination to think of the kind of law enforcement the good people of Hamilton received from Marshal McGehan!

One thing McGehan did during his one-year term of office was to befriend a penurious German immigrant, Peter Schwab, whom he appointed deputy marshal. Schwab went on to become a distiller and political boss, reputedly a major figure in the "Whiskey Ring" scandals of the Johnson and Grant Administrations. By whatever means, he accumulated a very substantial fortune in the succeeding twenty-five years.

When war broke out, McGehan did not follow Vallandigham's political leadership. Instead he threw his support to the Republican, or "Union" party. This "support" was of a very substantial kind. Along with a young giant named Tom Myers and other stalwarts,

A HISTORY

— OF THE —

LIFE AND TRIALS

— OF —

THOMAS McGEHEAN,

Who was charged with the Shooting and Killing of

THOMAS S. MYERS,

In the City of Hamilton, Butler County, Ohio,

On the Evening of the 24th of December, 1870.

Biographical Sketch of Hon. C. L. Vallandigham.
Character and antecedents of the lawless organizers of the Indignation Meetings of Hamilton, et cetera.

THE

NOTORIOUS WHISKY RING,

OF SOUTHERN OHIO.

CINCINNATI: 1874.

Title page, Tom McGehan's book, published anonymously, Cincinnati, 1874.

the McGehan brothers made life miserable for Democrats during the war years.

On one occasion, in the "Shamrock" saloon run by a prominent Democrat named Pat Ryan, a brawl broke out and Ryan was killed. Although it was rumored that Tom McGehan had committed the crime, Tom Myers was indicted for murder. He was not convicted, however, perhaps because killing a Democrat was not considered much of a crime in those days.

In the meantime Vallandigham's name had become a household word throughout the North. As the war progressed the opposition of the Copperheads became more strident and the Federal Administration introduced repressive measures of questionable constitutionality.

In 1863, the commander of the army forces in Ohio, General Burnside, issued an order addressed to the civilian population promising military arrest and trial of anyone "declaring sympathy for the enemy". Vallandigham defied the order in a fiery speech which was monitored by two officers in civilian clothes sent by the general to report. Several days later a military squad broke into Vallandigham's home in Dayton in the middle of the night and carried him off to Cincinnati for trial. The high-handed manner of his arrest caused a severe reaction in Dayton, where a mob formed the next day and burned several buildings, including that of the strongest Republican newspaper in town.

In an action which completely bypassed the constituted courts of law, Vallandigham was tried by a "military commission", like a court-martial. He was convicted and sentenced to be imprisoned at Fort Warren, Boston harbor, for the duration of the war.

Upon review of the military sentence, President Lincoln realized that imprisoning his most vocal critic would simply exacerbate the intensity of the opposition to the government's policies. But he also realized that he could not repudiate the actions of the overzealous but highly patriotic Burnside without causing a morale problem in the loyal states.

With typical Lincoln-esque irony, the president ordered Vallandigham released from imprisonment, but banned to the Confederacy. He was bustled off to the front lines in Tennessee and delivered, under a flag of truce, to the surprised Confederates.

The last thing that either Vallandigham or the Confederate authorities wanted was his presence in the southern states. He quickly made his way to the seacoast, escaped by blockade-runner to Bermuda, and from there went to Canada.

The notoriety and questionable legal basis for his arrest raised substantial sympathy and he was nominated by the Democrats to run for the governorship of Ohio in 1863. He conducted a vigorous campaign across the border from Windsor, Ontario and although defeated, he received almost 190,000 votes. This was the peak of his popularity, however, because from then on the course of the war turned more in favor of the Union. When the war was won, and especially after Lincoln's assassination, former Copperheads became quite unpopular.

In April, 1865, as the war was ending, McGehan worked hard for the Republican candidates in the local election. The Republicans were defeated that year and the chairman of the local campaign committee was unwilling or unable to reimburse McGehan for expenditures he had allegedly made from his own pocket. After this Tom changed sides; he became an ardent Democrat and remained one for the rest of his life. McGehan's political turnabout caused him to be alienated from his previous friends, notably Tom Myers and Peter Schwab.

In early 1866 a sworn enemy of McGehan was shot and killed by one of Tom's friends, William Howard. It was commonly believed that Tom had planned and instigated the killing, but he was not indicted due to lack of evidence. Howard was tried but acquitted on a plea of self-defense.

In April of '67 in another local election in Hamilton, Tom's younger brother, Johnson McGehan, ran for marshal. In the afternoon of election day, Tom encountered Johnson's Republican opponent, Jamie McCartin, in front of the poll. A fight ensued. McCartin was rather badly whipped and left the scene threatening vengeance. That night after the votes were counted, Johnson McGehan was found to be the winner. The McGehan brothers held a victory celebration with some of their friends in the "American" saloon. The American was considered the "highest class" saloon in town and was located directly across the street from the Courthouse square, the center of the town's activities.

In addition to the McGehans, Tom Myers and his young brother Bill were also in the saloon that night. Jamie McCartin with five Republican friends came marching in to "get" Tom McGehan. With feeling still running high from the election, the Democrats and Republicans present tore into each other with gusto. The Myers boys joined with McCartin and company, while McGehan and his friends gave good account of themselves. Weapons came into play; knives, clubs, "slung-shot" (blackjacks), and finally pistols. A number of shots were fired by various individuals. One of the McCartin party was nicked in the neck and another was shot in the foot. One bullet was fatal. It hit Bill Myers in the abdomen and he died a few hours later.

At first it was thought that Tom McGehan had fired the fatal bullet. In fact, Tom thought so himself and hurriedly left town. The coroner found, however, that the slug was not of the same caliber as Tom's gun. Ap-

parently the shots had actually been fired by Tom Myers, who hit his own brother by accident. Nevertheless Myers blamed McGehan for his brother's death and the enmity between them was intensified.

In 1868 Vallandigham, attempting a political comeback, ran for Congress. McGehan went to Dayton and offered his services to the "surprised" candidate, who "eagerly accepted". Tom managed a vigorous campaign in Butler County and was successful in carrying it by a large majority. The other counties in the district, however, went strongly Republican, outweighing the

Frontispiece, appearing opposite title page in the same book.

Butler county majority, and Vallandigham was defeated. Nevertheless he was properly grateful to Tom. The strong political ties thus formed between the two men persisted for the rest of their lives.

McGehan's action in supporting the hated Vallandigham was calculated to give maximum offense to his former friends and allies. Consequently from that time on he was alienated not only from Myers and Schwab but also from many other influential citizens who had previously been willing to ignore the violent activities which always seemed to surround him.

In spite of the violence and mayhem going on and the corruption of the town's politics, the vast majority of citizens of Hamilton were, of course, upstanding and law-abiding people. Among the social and political leaders, the most prominent was Lewis D. Campbell, who had been a major force in Congress during the 1850's and even mentioned as a presidential possibility. Others were William Beckett, paper manufacturer and head of the local Republican Party; Dr. Cyrus Falconer, a widely-admired and public-spirited pioneer physician; bankers John B. Cornell and John W. Sohn, the latter a leader of the German community.

In January, 1869 these worthy citizens, finally despairing of law enforcement by the constituted authorities, called a public "Indignation Meeting", presided over by Campbell. A crowd filled the largest meeting hall in town and heard a number of speakers decry the prevailing lawlessness. The result of the meeting was the appointment of a "Committee of Public Safety" which was to act as a kind of vigilante group to maintain order.

In the meantime, Vallandigham's political fortunes were changing. He had received rebuff after rebuff in the late 1860's in political influence and at the polls. As wartime passions cooled, however, he began to regain some of his popularity. In 1871 he made a major move to regain his leadership of the Democratic Party in Ohio. In May of that year he wrote, and sponsored at the Montgomery County Democratic caucus, a proposed platform for the party's next campaign. This platform became known as the "New Departure" of the Democratic Party. In substance it agreed to drop opposition to the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth amendments, and generally to support all measures which would hasten the integration of North and South.

The Montgomery County resolutions caused a sensation in Ohio politics and formed the basis of the platform adopted at the State Convention in Columbus, June 1, 1871. Vallandigham had every reason to be optimistic over his chances for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination later that year. Before that could happen, however, he met his death on June 17 as a direct result of his involvement with Thomas McGehan.

In Hamilton the "Committee of Public Safety" had taken little action from its founding in January of 1869 until December, 1870. But on Christmas Eve of that year the town was inflamed by the violent death of McGehan's former friend, Tom Myers. The fatal affray occurred at the same popular American saloon. At the rear of the barroom a flight of steps led to a second-floor gambling room. In the room that night were approximately fifteen people playing faro, casino, and other card games. Among them were Peter Schwab, by then a wealthy brewer and distiller; Job E. Owens, president of a large local manufacturing company; Dr. Huber, a prominent physician; and

others. Tom Myers was playing at the table with Job Owens.

At about 8:30 p.m. five men including Tom McGehan filed through the barroom and up the stairs. After a minute or two a scuffle and four (or five) shots were heard. Within about thirty seconds the room had emptied and Tom Myers was on the floor, dying, with his pistol in his hand. None of the fifteen or twenty people who had been in the room could give, then or later, a coherent account of how Myers had been killed.

The coroner examined the body that night, and his assistant, Dr. Gale, performed an autopsy. They noted several interesting facts. Myers had been hit several times on the head with a blunt instrument, but not so severely as to cause skull fracture. The fatal bullet penetrated his trousers at the waistband, but did not go through the vest, which would under any normal conditions cover the area. Nor did it put a hole in his coat. The bullet went into his body on a downward course, cutting the aorta, and came to rest about four inches lower than it entered.

Myers' death caused intense excitement. Some of the Committee of Public Safety apparently felt that this was the culmination of the villainy of Tom McGehan and that he must be hanged on general principles, whether he was technically guilty of this crime or not. A fund was raised to be used to hire counsel to aid the County Prosecutor and in other ways (perhaps even including procuring of perjured testimony) to help convict McGehan.

Dr. Cyrus Falconer, one of the Committee and a man who had contributed a substantial amount to the fund for conviction, performed a second autopsy on the corpse. His findings confirmed Dr. Gale's except that he reported the bullet travelled almost horizontally through the body, trending only "slightly down". Whether or not he found powder burns on the body was anybody's guess, for at the first hearing he testified that he did and at the subsequent trial he swore that he did not. The prosecution strategy had changed in the meantime, and his testimony fit the strategy.

In January, 1871, the Butler County Grand Jury took up the case. The prosecution staff was made up of a total of six attorneys, three paid by the Committee's private funds. Prominent Democrats came to the defense of McGehan, who they felt was being railroaded. Vallandigham volunteered to defend, as did Congressman Thomas Millikin, ex-Lt. Governor McBurney, and others.

Indictments for murder were brought against McGehan and the other four men who were accused of having accompanied him the fatal night.

Because feeling was running so high in Hamilton, the defense obtained a change of venue to Lebanon, Warren County. The trial, which lasted from June 6 until June 21, 1871, was a sensation. Nearly complete transcripts of the testimony were published in the papers of Cincinnati, Dayton, Hamilton, and Lebanon. Great volumes of the testimony were obvious perjury. Not only did defense witnesses contradict prosecution witnesses. Prosecution witnesses contradicted prosecution witnesses, and finally witnesses were recalled who contradicted themselves.

From the evidence as it appears at this late date, it seems obvious that McGehan and Company set out that night to give Myers a severe beating. They were carrying weapons including "bowlders" (sic), "slung-shot", knives and probably pistols. It is likely that Jack Garver, one of the accused, first hit Myers with a thrown rock, and one or more of the others belabored him with slung-shot.

The prosecution tried to prove that McGehan had stood back during the assault and had shot through the pocket of his coat ("California-style", the prosecutor called it), hitting Myers from several feet away. But the defense attorneys produced a coat, identified as McGehan's, and no hole was found in the pocket. Their claim was that Myers, in the excitement of being attacked and hit on the head, drew his pistol which fired accidentally as it was partway out of his pocket. The subsequent bullets from his gun were found in the woodwork and ceiling, one of them having passed through the cheek of one of the attackers.

As the trial approached its climax, Attorney Thomas Millikin was carrying most of the load of examining witnesses for the defense. It was planned that Clement Vallandigham would give the summary. He had room No. 15 at the Lebanon House (now the Golden Lamb) on the same floor with many of the jurors. The night before the final summary he held a strategy meeting with Gov. McBurney, another of the defense attorneys. They, with Thomas Millikin, had that afternoon taken a pistol like Myers' out into the fields near the town and fired several shots at close distance through cloth to determine the extent of powder marks left, a point of contention in the trial. There were three shots left in the revolver, and Vallandigham did not unload them although Millikin recalled later that he had suggested that this be done. The pistol was put on a bureau in the hotel room alongside another, empty, one.

In the conference with McBurney, Vallandigham explained that he was to be the one who would demonstrate how Myers had shot himself since "Mr. Millikin is not well enough acquainted with the use of pistols". To rehearse, he picked up the loaded pistol, thinking it was the empty one, and put it in his pocket. He went through the act for McBurney, pulled the pistol out until its muzzle just reached the top of the pocket, and pulled the trigger. The resulting shot was a terrible shock to both parties and Vallandigham

cried: "Oh, Murder! Oh, what a blunder!"

There was an immediate flurry of activity. McBurney rushed out to get medical aid. Several of the jurors heard the shot and came into the room. They found Vallandigham pacing back and forth, agitated but in little pain. He explained to each in turn how the accident had occurred and emphasized how stupid he felt his blunder had been.

McBurney returned with two local doctors and the following telegram was sent to Vallandigham's family physician in Dayton:

Lebanon, June 16, 9:00 p.m. Dr. Reeve. I shot myself by accident with a pistol in the bowels. I fear I am fatally injured. Come at once.

C.L. Vallandigham

Similar summons went to Dr. Dawson of Cincinnati; Judge Haynes of Dayton, his law partner; his nephew, James L. Vallandigham, attorney in Hamilton; his 16 year old son in Dayton; and word was sent to his wife who had gone two days before to Cumberland, Maryland for the funeral of her brother. The summoned individuals arrived by carriage through the night and what medical aid was possible in that day was given. By dawn, however, all hope was abandoned and Vallandigham died at 9:45 a.m.

The funeral was held in Dayton four days later. The procession, two miles long, was the greatest ever held in that city prior to that time, and most businesses were closed. Mrs. Vallandigham, who had returned from Maryland in a state of collapse, was unable to attend. She never recovered from the dual shock of the deaths of her brother and husband. In that day of elaborate mourning, she went into seclusion and died less than eight weeks later.

Vallandigham's death came as a great shock to the Ohio Democrats and caused voluminous editorials in every major newspaper in the country. It did not, however, have the effect on McGehan's trial that one might expect. Even though it seemed to be a striking demonstration of the truth of the defense claim of accidental death, several jurors held out for hanging. Finally, the jury reported that they were unable to reach a verdict and a mistrial was declared. McGehan later claimed that one juror, named Hiteman, had been "planted" on the jury by the Committee, which was out to get a conviction at all costs.

It is of course impossible to determine from only the published testimony and accounts of the trial whether or not Tom McGehan was, in fact, guilty as charged. It is certain that Clement Vallandigham thought he was not. It is equally certain that there was ample room for reasonable doubt in the mind of any unprejudiced juror. That is all that should be required for acquittal. Obviously many people, including some of the jurors, felt that if he were not guilty of this murder, he was probably guilty of others; and anyway he was a ruffian who should hang.

A new trial was ordered. The venue was changed again, this time to Dayton, Montgomery County. General Durbin Ward, another prominent Ohio Democrat, took Vallandigham's place on the staff of defense counsel. In addition, James L.Vallandigham, Clement's nephew from Hamilton, joined the staff.

The second trial began in Dayton on September 8, 1871. Here the defense counsel made a tactical error. They refused to allow any but Democrats on the jury. But this was Clement Vallandigham's hometown. Many of these people had adored him. Some of them felt that if it had not been for Tom McGehan their idol would still be alive. The trial was conducted about as the first one, with some of the more flagrantly perjured prosecution witnesses not called. This time, however, the jury promptly reached a verdict of "Guilty of murder in the second degree". This verdict carried a mandatory sentence of life imprisonment.

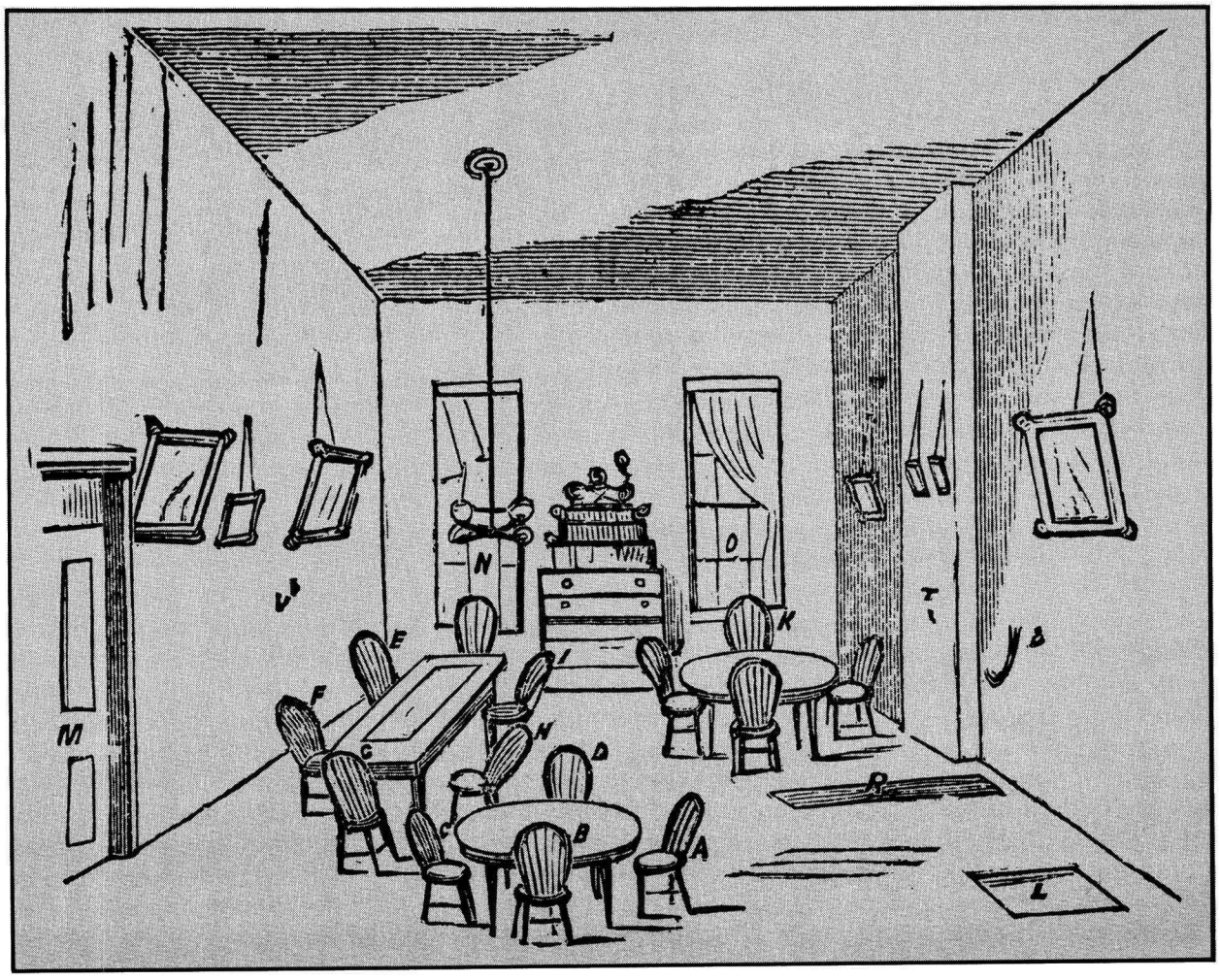
The defense was able, in the following day or two, to investigate reports that several of the jurors had prejudged the defendant's guilt. They produced seven affidavits to prove that juror John Buchweiler had expressed this belief and that he was going to "help hang" Tom McGehan. Consequently the judge ordered a new trial to be held in December in the same court.

McGehan's third trial ran from December 16 to 23, 1871, ending almost precisely on the first anniversary of the killing. This time the jury, made up of seven Democrats and five Republicans, quickly brought in an acquittal.

The following day McGehan, released from prison for the first time in a year, returned with his family to their home in Hamilton, where he prudently stayed inside the house. The town, however, was in a complete turmoil. A great number of handbills were passed on Christmas Day proclaiming:

Corrupt Rings and unscrupulous attorneys
Pack Juries and Debauch Courts!
Courts disregard law and outrage justice
Thomas McGehan, a Notorious Person
Liberated
When the Law and Courts fail, Society Must Protect Itself!
The people are invited to meet for deliberation at the Courthouse, this Monday evening at 7 o'clock
Come everybody! Come let us reason together!
December 25, 1871

A large crowd turned out for the meeting. A president and six vice-presidents, all prominent industrialists, were elected. A committee on resolutions



Gambling room of the American Saloon, Hamilton, December 24, 1870. Myers sat at "G" playing faro. Attackers entered door "M". Reprinted from the Cincinnati Commerical, December 30, 1870.

was appointed and wrote the following, which was unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Thomas McGehan has been acquitted in the face of the most incontrovertible evidence, in our opinion, of his complicity, or actual perpetration of the murder of Thomas S. Myers, on the 24th of December, 1870; therefore,

RESOLVED, in view of the verdict of acquittal in the case of the State against Thomas McGehan, we feel that the Courts of Justice (so called) are a failure, and need radical reformation, and we will seek earnestly to secure this object through the coming Constitutional Convention.

RESOLVED, That, as a community, we consider that we have a right to demand that the man who is regarded almost unanimously as the leader in the startling murder committed one year ago in our midst, should no longer remain among us, and we the citizens of Hamilton, demand that he shall seek residence elsewhere.

After the meeting broke up, it was rumored that a group went off to "get" McGehan, but he had left earlier by carriage for Cincinnati. He subsequently moved his family there, opened a saloon, and bided his time until tempers might cool.

He made a trial return to Hamilton on the following May 13, only to set off an even worse storm. It was reported around the town that he had met and cursed several of the people who had testified against him, and even argued violently with his friend and attorney, James Vallandigham, who wanted Tom to leave town for his own safety.

Statements were posted and reprinted in the newspapers announcing that:

Thomas McGehan, the murderer, has returned to Hamilton, and has threatened to commit other murders. Shall he...be permitted (to stay)?

Every good citizen is requested to meet this

evening at 7:30 to take such action as justice and public order may require.
By Order of the Committee of Safety.
Tuesday, May 14, 1872

A large meeting was called to order by the County Sheriff, Andrews. Again a president and several vice-presidents were elected, this time including other businessmen and the Dr. Falconer who had testified variously against McGehan in the several trials. A Resolutions Committee was appointed, made up of a total of 101 men! The membership of this committee included the name of every prominent person of the period, even that of James L. Vallandigham. These good burghers adopted, and signed, a proclamation which stated in part:

RESOLVED, That this meeting regard... (McGehan) a monster, unfit to live within the bounds of Butler County, and that we pledge ourselves to justify, uphold, and defend any citizen or citizens who shall, at long or short range, rid the world of his presence if ever found in this county after this day.

This is not lynch law, but it is very close to it. It is interesting to note that this proclamation was published in Hamilton, Ohio, not Virginia City, Nevada. It should have shown Tom that if he ever meant to return to Hamilton he would have to lead a quiet life for some time and avoid anything that could possibly give further offense. But for Tom McGehan to live a quiet and retiring life was completely impossible. In fact, his reaction was just the opposite. He was furious. He decided to write a manifesto to defend his honor and strike back at his attackers.

Tom's wife, who lived to a vigorous old age, often told her granddaughter that she had pleaded with Tom "not to write that book", but he was determined to counterattack his enemies who he thought had falsely stirred up the town against him. He labored for a year over the manuscript which he called *The Life and Trials of Thomas McGehean*. In so doing he changed the spelling of his name. Presumably the new spelling seemed more distinguished to the author.

When it was finished, Tom's little book had to qualify as one of the most scurrilous diatribes ever written. In the first three chapters, ostensibly describing his early life, he attacked the moral character of Marshal Elliott, who had by then been dead for twelve years. He described the personal vendetta with which the marshal had purportedly pursued him with false accusations and frame-ups. In the next few chapters he described his political activities in support of the Republicans and "exposed" the fraudulent activities of party leader William Beckett, whom he called "Oily William".

Chapters eight through sixteen were devoted to attacks on Peter Schwab, whom Tom accused of almost every kind of moral turpitude known to man, as well as exposing Schwab's supposed part in the "Whiskey Ring". Then the main body of the book, twenty-four chapters, told McGehan's version of his trials for murder. According to Tom, every witness who appeared against him was an egregious liar. Even worse were the newspaper reporters, especially one Betty of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, who had pilloried him and inflamed the public against him.

Thomas McGehan. Photo courtesy of Miss Clara McGehean, Hamilton, Ohio.

After the triumphant description of his final acquittal, McGehan took up the subject of the indignation meetings and, one by one, crucified with invective each of the instigators of the meetings and the Committee of Public Safety. He accused Dr. Falconer of having horsewhipped his own mother! Two other medical doctors were accused of having "ruined" a respectable lady and having defrauded the county treasury of a large sum. By the time MeGehan got to the name of John Sohn he had apparently run out of heinous ac-

cusations. He simply called him "Hog John" and "this old beer tub".

In the final chapter of his book, McGehan set out to prove that the concern over frequent murders in Hamilton and Butler County was unfounded. He listed every murder in the county from 1831 until 1873 and showed that there had been "only" fifty-four.

After his manuscript was completed, in early 1874, McGehan set out to have it printed. In view of its nature, it is not surprising that no book company would openly publish it. However Tom contracted with an anonymous publisher and presumably underwrote the work. The book appeared, well-bound in hard covers, but with no author or publisher shown on the title page.

When the first proof copies were coming off the press, word of its contents got to Hamilton. One evening as Tom returned home from the publisher's office, some individual took a potshot at him from a clump of bushes beside his house. The shot grazed his cheek and left blue powder marks under the skin. Tom later learned, to his own satisfaction at least, that the attacker had been a dim-witted barber named John Koehler, who had been hired for the task.

With the publication of his book, Tom was probably a doomed man no matter what he might have done afterward. However he might still have saved himself if he had gone into hiding and stayed far from Hamilton. But not Tom! He was never one to run from a fight, and this time he seemed positively to go out of his way to court disaster. In early 1875 he boldly came back to Hamilton and opened a saloon in partnership with his brother, Court. When he was not immediately murdered, the Committee reportedly raised $1000 and offered it as a bounty to be paid to anyone who would do away with him. That did it.

On Friday, June 11, 1875, Tom told his brother that he had heard that John ("Red Hoss") Hall had been hired to kill him. He said that he was not afraid of "Red", who was his friend, but that he was still afraid of "the barber". On the following Sunday the saloon was closed but it was generally known that McGehan usually went there sometime during every Sunday evening. Either Koehler the barber, "Red Hoss", or some other bounty hunter backed a wagon up against the saloon wall on the alley side and waited. Tom and two friends went in for a drink at about 11:30 p.m. While Tom was behind the bar, the assailant stood on the wagon bed to reach a window about eight feet above the ground. He shot both barrels of a double-barrelled shotgun through a loophole in the shutter and the full charges hit Tom in the side of the face and neck. Tom "died game"; he pulled his pistol and dashed for the door but fell dead halfway there.

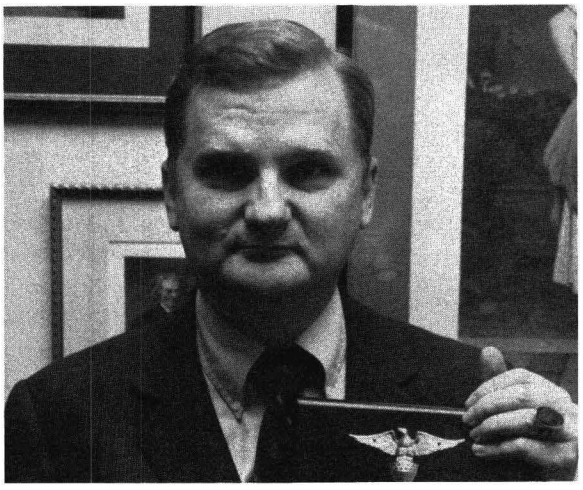
James L. Vallandigham, who had recently been elected County Prosecutor, was in his office in the Courthouse and heard the shots. He and three others went to investigate. They found Tom dead and alone, his two friends having run for their lives. The coroner found thirteen pea-sized shot in the body, and it was said they were all carefully marked so that the murderer could positively establish his identity in collecting the bounty.

It is interesting to speculate whether James L. Vallandigham's actions on the fatal night were wholly innocent. Is it not surprising that an attorney would just happen to be in his office near midnight on Sunday? McGehan's saloon was three and a half blocks from the Courthouse. The sound of the shots had to reverberate down the street for that distance, around a corner, and through the office window. Yet Vallandigham purportedly heard the sounds, instantly identified them as shots, unerringly recognized the direction from which they had come, and rushed to discover the body. Is it possible that he recognized those sounds because he was, in fact, waiting to hear them? It will be remembered that he was one of the signers of the death threat proclamation. Can it be that he was actually a co-conspirator in the murder of the man his famous uncle died defending? The answer to that question will never be known. With Vallandigham as prosecutor, no one was ever indicted for the crime.

The Committee of Public Safety had done its work well. Presumably it was able to go out of business after this, because the next year Mayor M. N. Maginnis established the Hamilton police force which, we trust, has from that day to this kept "Notorious Persons" under control. ☆

William E. Van Horne is a native of Hamilton, Ohio, a retired engineer, married with two grown children and one grandchild. He currently resides in Columbus, Ohio.

PARTISAN CONVERSATION



Morton Blackwell

Morton Blackwell is President of the Leadership Institute, a non-profit, non-partisan educational foundation headquartered in Springfield, Virginia. The Leadership Institute seeks to identify, recruit, train, and place in positions of influence young people committed to America's traditional values.

For the first three years of the Reagan Administration, Blackwell was Special Assistant to the President for Public Liaison. While at the White House, he worked to translate a conservative electoral mandate into effective public policy, despite the opposition of entrenched liberal interest groups. Resigning from the President's staff in early 1984, he turned to the Leadership Institute as an instrument for increasing conservative influence in the "permanent government" -- the bureaucracy, the think tanks, Congressional staffs, and the Washington lobbying offices.

Morton Blackwell was raised in Louisiana and is active in Virginia politics. He gave these responses to questions posed by Stephen Page Smith of the Partisan's Washington staff.

Interview with Morton C. Blackwell, March 14, 1988, by *The Southern Partisan*

Partisan: You were on the White House Staff as Special Assistant to the President for Public Liaison for the first three years of the Reagan Administration. While you were there, was anyone on the staff assigned to monitor issues of special concern for the South?

Blackwell: No. The White House Office of Public Liaison then was structured so that each liaison officer dealt with a number of specific, organized groups. I was the President's liaison to: conservative groups, veterans groups, religious groups, civic and fraternal clubs, and all 500 Federally recognized American Indian tribes and organizations.

Partisan: Your boss at the White House was Elizabeth Dole. Isn't she a good Southerner from North Carolina?

Blackwell: Be careful not to get your tongue caught in your cheek. Be fair. Elizabeth was highly effective in the Super Tuesday presidential primary in North Carolina. There Bob Dole got 40% of the GOP vote, about twice as well as he did (20.4% average) in the nine other Southern primaries that day.

I worked for Elizabeth for the first two of my three years on the White House Staff. She is talented, competent and always highly effective. She works hard and expects her staff to work hard too. We worked well together.

She does use charm as well as brains. But she's not the hoop-skirt-on-the-veranda type. The magnolias are in her voice, not on her mind. Of all the women you know, she's right now the most likely to be on a major party presidential ticket.

Partisan: There have been numerous complaints that Southern traditionalist conservatives have been badly slighted by this administration in its appointments. Is that charge fair?

Blackwell: The treatment of Mel Braford was outrageous. But enjoying a picture of Robert E. Lee or even John C. Calhoun on your wall was no bar to employment, tenure or promotion in the Reagan Administration. Many value the unbought grace of life. There is, for example, the sterling T. Kenneth Cribb, Jr., of South Carolina, presently Assistant to the President. I wish more like Ken had been active in the 1980 election.

Partisan: What would you say will be remembered as the Reagan Administration's three greatest achievements?

Blackwell: First is the credentialing of a new generation of conservatives for service in a future conservative administration.

A second is his campaign's assembly of a winning coalition of conservatives which has the potential to be a normal governing majority.

Third is the liberation of Grenada, thus breaking the myth of irreversible growth of the Soviet empire.

Partisan: Its three greatest failures?

Blackwell: First was, during the transition from the Carter Administration, the hiring of many people for the Reagan Presidential Personnel Office whose experience was entirely outside of conservative politics. The result was often like a symphony by a composer who doesn't know a lute from a flute.

Second was the utter failure to clean out the State Department.

Third was the unwillingness to push *repeatedly* the key, controversial initiatives in the Congress which would split the old liberal coalition and unite the 1980

winning coalition. Two examples of many: one vote each on tuition tax credit and on the President's Voluntary Prayer Amendment. That's one vote in one House of Congress. In general, the White House Legislative Affairs office wants to do nothing which will offend either Sen. Jesse Helms or Sen. Lowell Weicker. That's a formula for permanent minority status. Dumb. Not how liberals built or kept their congressional majorities.

Partisan: Is the "Reagan agenda" dead?

Blackwell: No. The ideas will live on. But don't expect dramatic new conservative initiatives in 1988. Only unexpected foreign events could force exciting actions, but I wouldn't bet on it even then.

Partisan: Is there a Presidential candidate who stands in the place of Reagan's "heir?"

Blackwell: As governor, Ronald Reagan did not arrange for succession. I'm told he did not arrange for succession when he stepped down as head of the Screen Actors Guild. It should not be surprising that he did not signal any choice for the 1988 GOP presidential nomination.

Other presidents acted differently. Thomas Jefferson arranged to be followed by eight years of James Madison and eight years of James Monroe.

President Reagan did not consider it his role to intervene in the nomination of his successor. It's safe to predict, however, that he'll campaign for the 1988 GOP nominee. Such campaigning will be helpful because Ronald Reagan is the first well-liked president to retire since President Eisenhower.

Partisan: How would you describe the "mission" of your current effort, The Leadership Institute?

Blackwell: The Leadership Institute is an educational foundation. We locate, recruit, train and place people in the public policy process. We favor limited government, free enterprise, strong national defense and traditional moral values.

Partisan: What's so "new" about the "New Right," especially since it's been talked about for a decade? Does the term have any content, or is it just a media invention?

Blackwell: New is a relative term. The New Forest in the South of England was planted by William the Conqueror. The name of ancient Naples means "new city."

What was new (and I hope permanent) about the New Right was that we were conservatives who decided we owe it to our philosophy to study how to win. Being right, in the sense of correct, is not sufficient. If the opposition knows better how to organize and communicate, they will beat you, no matter how right you are.

Partisan: What do you think are the most significant developments on the political right and the most significant developments on the political left in the period of your active political involvement?

Blackwell: The political right in the U.S. has broadened its issue coalition to include explicitly the traditional moral values, those abandoned explicitly by the left. And, as I said before, we're studying how to win.

The political left, what remains of the old Franklin Roosevelt coalition, has reversed its historic stand and now opposes a strong national defense. And, more and more, the trend in organized labor in the U.S. is to copy the foreign policy of the British Labor Party.

Partisan: What role do you see the South playing--as a region--in American politics in the near-to-intermediate future? Can the South still fairly be described as the country's most conservative region?

Blackwell: Right now the South normally determines who are the Republican presidential nominees, but it is virtually irrelevant to the selection of Democratic presidential nominees.

Congressional Southern Republicans are growing in numbers. They tend to be much more conservative than most of their GOP colleagues. But they do not exercise influence proportionate to their numbers because their party's leadership habitually operates on a "lowest common denominator" basis.

Congressional Southern Democrats can be separated into two groups: those who aspire to rise in the national Democratic Party and those who don't. The first category votes left (especially when it's close) and lives in mortal terror of offending the AFL-CIO or Jesse Jackson. The second group often, quietly votes conservative, each one wondering if he can successfully travel the trail blazed by Sen. Phil Gramm.

In sum, as Republicans, Southerners are conservative. As Democrats, they are split into liberals and increasingly defensive good ole boys.

If, as I expect, Gov. Dukakis is the Democratic nominee in 1988, he'll probably pick Albert Gore as his running mate, not because he likes Gore, but because he knows he can't win without some Southern electoral votes. Gore is really a flaming liberal, but is learning to feign a Southern outlook.

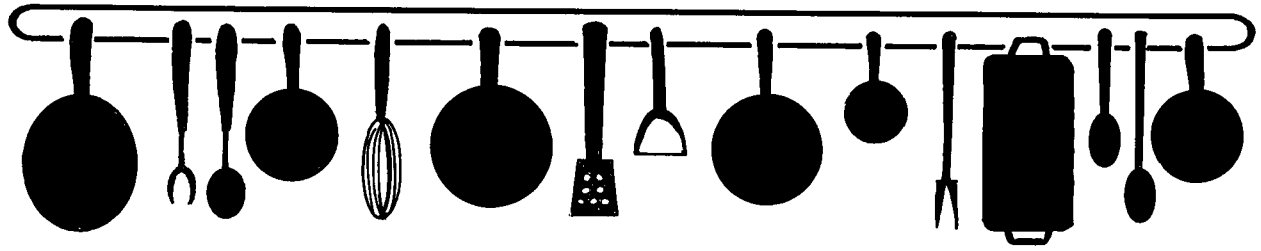
Idaho, Utah and Wyoming may now be more reliably conservative, but the more populous South is still the country's conservative anchor.

Partisan: If all your wishes could come true, how would you like to see the American political situation develop by the turn of the next century?

Blackwell: I would like the U.S. to spend as much to destabilize and liberate units of the Soviet empire as the Soviet Union spends trying to subvert and enslave free countries.

Domestically, I'd like to see large majorities of solidly conservative Republicans in both Houses of Congress, with a popular, conservative president as determined as Thomas Jefferson to put his stamp on the future.

KITCHEN MEMORIES



By Anne Tyler Norman

I guess I'm a half-breed. Mother's from Pittsburgh. Father's from Norfolk. I grew up in Richmond, but my mother never let me forget I was part Yankee. This was especially true when my father would wax eloquent about the days of the Confederacy and all those horrible things the Yankees did. With visions of Rock Island dancing in our heads, my brother and I would chorus "Damn Yankees!" yet my mother was always quick to defend her region and remind us of our mixed parentage.

My mother has been in the South for over thirty-five years now and in most respects has weathered the change successfully. Settled in the Charleston Low-country on one of the sea islands with my Dad, she doesn't seem to give much thought to Pittsburgh or shopping at Kaufman's or riding trams or having a box at Three Rivers Stadium or any of the other things she did during her Pittsburgh childhood. She seems pretty happy and even has a slight Southern accent now. Slight but apparent.

The only part of Southern living my mother has never accepted is the cuisine, which she finds greasy and bland or cavity-inducing and fattening. She likes coleslaw, but she makes hers in a Cuisinart and adds lots of dill seed. She won't touch that generic mound one finds alongside a piece of fish at a Howard Johnson's: the kind that is pale green with flecks of orange and has a bit of tart aftertaste. (I have always preferred this to one of my mother's with dill seed, probably because no one made me eat it when I was little.)

My mother says she loves barbecue, but only barbecue from eastern North Carolina. Virginians and western North Carolinians, according to her, serve theirs with a tomato sauce; South Carolinians douse theirs with a French's mustard style sauce. She thinks both sauces ruin the meat. I remember whenever I drove home from college I'd always stop in Wilson, North Carolina to pick up barbecue; if I was traveling with my younger brother, I'd have to add an extra hour to the trip in order for him to polish off a Parker's Family Special of barbecue, slaw, corn sticks, Brunswick stew--all washed down by a pitcher of sweetened tea. He never used a toothpick. Coming home with barbecue always made the return of the prodigal daughter sweeter.

"Hi mom! Hi Dad! Look what I brought from Parker's!"

"Honey, thank you so much. You shouldn't have. You know how we love barbecue. And look! You brought home enough to feed Parris Island."

(Later) "Uh... Mom. Dad. I don't know how to tell you this, but I'm flunking French. Looks like I may not have enough credits to graduate this spring."

"That's all right, sweetie. We understand. More barbecue?"

My parents' kitchen has always been divided into two camps: my mother's side and my father's side. In my mother's kitchen there are knives sharp enough for a knife throwing act, curry leaves, pine nuts, tortellini, goat cheese, radicchio, pressed olive oil, Equal, and plenty of Pam, a Cuisinart and a moulee. In my father's kitchen there are a bag of goobers, sugar, plenty of Coors, turkey ham, sliced salami, a cast iron skillet that was a wedding present, a pot with black marks all over the bottom from making popcorn and

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a knife that will barely cut Jello. He'd have fatback too, but for health reasons my mother says no.

The only part of my father's kitchen that my mother doesn't understand is his shelf of beans--Luck's Pinto Beans, Bush's Best Navy Beans, Allen's East Texas Fair Fresh Crowder Peas, Luck's Field Peas With Snaps. He usually keeps a dozen cans or so on the shelf; I think he eats them for lunch. Since my parents have been together for over thirty years, the topics they argue about are more picayune and less harsh than in days of yore. In the early days of their marriage they argued about money, being too lenient with my brother and me, and taking out the trash. Now it's more on the lines of pet peeves and old habits. I've heard my mother pick on my father about his beans.

"Kemp," she'll say while she's unpacking the groceries, "do you have to have all these silly, redneck beans? For heaven's sakes. Look at all this. What the heck's the difference in a Navy Bean and a Great Northern Bean? Both pictures on the cans show little fat white beans. I don't see any difference. And all these beans make you fat. Look at this one. Crowder peas: Ingredients--crowder peas, sugar, salt, tomato sauce, and fatback. May as well be chocolate mousse. Kemp! Are you listening to me?"

And a "Yes dear" would emerge from behind the newspaper.

On the weekends, growing up, long as I can remember, my Dad would be the first to rise. It wasn't his getting up early that was so bothersome, but he had the dreadful habit of bursting into my room, opening all the blinds, and bellowing a "Good Morning! Time to get up!" Then, he'd go downstairs, let Katie the English setter out, and pull the *Richmond Times Dispatch* off the port cochere. Public radio would be switched on and he'd start cooking a he-man's breakfast of eggs, bacon, and toast, sometimes chipped beef, sometimes herring roe, usually grits. He never used instant grits; I think he considered them as sacrilegious as Egg Beaters, Sizzlean and margarine.

My mother, bleary-eyed, always wearing a pretty robe, never was much of a breakfast eater. Over her coffee, she'd eye her three Southerners as they scarfed down all those cholesterol-laden calories.

My mother had a mild prejudice against mustard sauce barbecue, Howard Johnson's slaw or such Southern favorites as sweet potato casserole topped in brown sugar and little, baby marshmallows and Jello salads stuffed with bits of fruit cocktail. However, the disdain she held for grits was in a class by itself. She'd watch my Dad pull a battered olive green double boiler off the stove, poke a wooden spoon deep inside, and ladle out grits for those so inclined.

Once she said: "Grits. No wonder people come down here to taste them, and pour milk and sugar all over them. They're desperate. I swear they're like lying down and letting the moon shine in your mouth." I never knew if she'd made that up or just heard it somewhere, but I found it amusing.

My mother has learned how to cope in a Southern kitchen after years of practice. Not even the most finicky of eaters leaves her table dissatisfied. The following recipes are some of her Northern versions of my father's Southern favorites:

Cheese Spoon Bread
1 cup corn meal
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon dry mustard
1 cup cheese, grated
3 cups milk
6 eggs, beaten

Mix corn meal, salt, and dry mustard together. Add milk and stir constantly until mixture thickens. Add cheese and cook, stirring constantly until cheese is melted. Add eggs and mix thoroughly. Pour mixture into greased baking dish and bake at 350 degrees until brown and puffy, about 45 minutes. Serves 6.

Cuisinart Coleslaw
2 pound head of cabbage, shredded
Sauce:
¾ cup mayonnaise
½ cup sour cream
3 tablespoons wine vinegar
1 teaspoon dill seed
1 teaspoon salt
freshly ground pepper

Using slicing blade, put into machine cabbage that has been cored and cut lengthwise into wedges to fit beaker. Transfer shredded cabbage to a large bowl of cold water and chill for at least two hours.
Combine sauce ingredients and mix with shredded cabbage. Serves 4.
*This recipe can be made ahead and refrigerated, but not too far in advance because the slaw will get mushy.

Curried Black Bean Soup
1 can black bean soup
1 can consommé
1 teaspoon curry powder
½ pint regular cream

Combine all ingredients except the cream and stir until blended. Add cream and stir. Chill. Add milk to thin if necessary. Serves 4.

CRITICUS *ON TOUR*

Blue Ridge Bavaria

By Warren Leamon

When I was a boy, back in the forties and fifties, Helen was a wide spot in the road between Cleveland and Clarkesville, both of which were only slightly wider spots in the road. It was more or less a part of the "mountains," a very alien and ambiguous region to city folk like myself--alien even though one could get from Atlanta, where I lived, to the mountains in less than two hours; and ambiguous because it was both a poverty stricken region we helped support through donations in school and the beautiful region we travelled in the fall to "look at the leaves" and went to in the summer to escape the heat. Somehow or other we never confused these two realities, never noticed, in the photographs that accompanied requests for charity, the contradiction between the emaciated grimy families standing in front of the battered leaning shacks and the mountains that soared to the skies behind them.

In those days Helen, which began as a sawmill town early in the century and thrived up until the Depression, consisted of a general store, a filling station, and a few shops. And it hadn't changed much when, years later, I went with a couple of friends to hike along the Appalachian Trail. The weather was miserable, we gave up and on the way back to Athens, where we lived, we stopped in Helen at a small tavern--as I remember it, old wooden tables and chairs in one large room that overlooked a mountain stream. In that room the three of us proceeded to get gloriously tight on beer and to this day that mountain still reels a bit in my memory: low slung faded concrete block structures with square wooden fronts that seemed to have rolled down the surrounding hills and come to rest along the mist-shrouded river. A town that had everything you needed--fishing tackle and bait, ammunition, gas for lanterns and stoves, canned meat and vegetables and bags of sugar and salt and coffee--if you planned to spend some time in the mountains. A somewhat atypical liberal town in that you could buy beer, but if you wanted the hard stuff for those cold mornings and evenings in the tent, then you would probably have to find the moonshiner.

To sober up a bit, I walked one side of the street past a filling station that seemed closed until I saw, through the grimy picture glass window, a man with his feet up on a desk staring out at me. I kept walking and it wasn't until I heard the shouts of my friends calling me back to the car that I realized I was out of the town and back in the mountains. When I turned and looked back, the little row of buildings seemed nothing more than a miserable example of man's futile attempt to conquer the surrounding mountains, the rocky cliffs, the bare winter trees. Yet somehow the failure had become an integral part of the landscape, like a dead tree or an abandoned bird's nest. Western civilization's version of a burial mound.

I wasn't the only one impressed by the ambivalent beauty of the town. Three years earlier John Kollock, an artist, came upon Helen at sunset and was struck by the sounds of "the rushing waters of the Chattahoochee and distant church bells lost off somewhere in the fog." Perhaps because "the buildings of the town were almost invisible" the scene reminded Kollock of "one of those villages in Bavaria where [he] had spent a year in the service." But he was late and so he "got in the car and drove on."

In the same year that we drank the afternoon away three Helen businessmen became so depressed by the sight of tourists bypassing the "ragbag of dilapidated storefronts," they decided "that something, almost anything, had to be done to rejuvenate the town." And, turning to John Kollock for advice, "almost anything" was about what they got. He drove to Helen and finding it "not the most inspiring sight in north Georgia," he took snapshots, went back to his studio, got out his old photographs and postcards of Bavaria and went to work. A week later he "took a folder of drawings matched up with the views of the buildings as they existed, and journeyed back to Helen" where "acceptance by the building owners was total." He found local workers who "had an uncanny ability to fall into the spirit of a style of architecture which most of them had never seen before." That style was "Alpine," Kollock's memories and snapshots of Bavaria. "River rocks became cobblestones; plywood and stucco became archways and towers; new pine lumber became finely detailed balconies and trim work." Electric power poles were replaced by "picturesque street lamps" and there was even "the creation of an Alpine phone booth." Promotions followed (one of them an "Alpine Hoedown"). And less than a year after my friends and I stopped to drink beer in the decaying sawmill town, it "captured the prized 'Stay and See

Georgia' Contest." Moreover, "the little mountain community . . . pulled itself up by its own bootstraps without any financial assistance from governmental agencies."

Put another way, Helen has ceased to be a "little mountain community" and has become a theme park right down to Bavarian costumes and snow-painted windowpanes. Prices reflect the realities of Cleveland, Ohio, and not nearby Cleveland, Georgia. And inevitably tourist chain franchises and people from outside the region have moved in. Tourists drive hundreds and even thousands of miles to the old moonshining, bootlegging region of north Georgia to buy trinkets in an Alpine village, the same trinkets they can buy at any tourist shop anywhere in the country.

It's easy to make fun of Helen or of any theme park, but in the mountains the natives face a dilemma: logging, road building and resort development (including lakes) are opposed by environmentalists and others; cottage industries are subject to so many government regulations and so much union opposition that they become unprofitable; mining on anything like a scale that will benefit a large area has become anathema; and even small farmers in Iowa and Nebraska can't make a living, let alone those in the mountains. What's left for the people of the region would seem to be government-assisted poverty or flight to the distant cities.

The truth is, we want the mountains but not the people who live in them. And the temptation is to treat the region like we treat the vast wilderness areas of Alaska--as though no one had ever lived in it. For deep down we feared those eyes that stared out of emaciated faces in the old photographs, we feared those scrawny arms and legs, those rotten teeth. Those wiry tough people are aliens. And it seems that cleaning them up, feeding them and giving them indoor plumbing doesn't help much. But if you change the *place*, turn the old sawmill town into a cardboard Alpine Village and put the natives in "Bavarian" dress and sell California and French wines in the shops and hold an "Oktoberfest" every September, then no one feels alien because no one--neither the natives nor the tourists--is at home.

Such deracination saves the countryside (temporarily) and ensures the material well-being of a few of the natives (they can stay at home and work for the minimum wage rather than going to the city to do so). But in the long run it contributes to the decline of the region by denigrating its tradition and history. (To illustrate what I mean, imagine finding in the Bavarian Alps an exact reproduction of a north Georgia mountain town right down to a good old boy sitting on the old tires at the filling station.) That the natives themselves created Helen indicates that what is needed is something like the Foxfire project, being carried out in the same region, to connect the natives with their own past.

Yet even something like the Foxfire project can contribute to the decline if the past becomes a separate place, with no connection to the present and therefore to the future. Even now, not far from Helen, the old town of Dahlonega, Georgia, is "reviving" itself. Like Helen, it is organizing its revival around a "theme," in this instance an old gold mining town. There is some historical justification for this development--there was a small gold rush in the region in the 19th century and the first U.S. mint was located in the town. And during the years of the Carter inflation there was a brief attempt to revive the mines. But the reality of Dahlonega, like that of Helen, lies in its Blue Ridge mountain roots. And the gold mining motif is rapidly abolishing that reality in favor of what looks more and more like a Wild West theme park (a couple of which already exist in the South). The Wild West, as depicted in Hollywood movies of the 30s and 40s, is about as foreign to north Georgia as the little villages of Bavaria--or the old arts of quilting and folk medicine.

Helen and Dahlonega, in whatever form, will survive because they are near Atlanta, which, like an enormous squid, is extending its tentacles farther and farther north. Several years ago the city even debated putting a second airport in the mountains near Dawsonville and several "resort communities" (e.g. Big Canoe and Bent Tree) are flourishing, primarily because Interstate 40 has brought them to within an hour of the affluent northside of the city. And because the mountain people are even more alien now than they were when photographs of them went round the classroom in my elementary school, the developments are fenced off and patrolled by security guards. So the city dwellers spend their weekends and their vacations in upper middle class concentration camps complete with man-made lakes and golf courses and occasionally they venture out for a quick trip to the Bavarian Alps or the Wild West.

Such is the ludicrous result of misguided attempts to preserve the beauty of the countryside and the material well-being of the natives. Soon I-40 will be completed to Knoxville and vast new areas will be easily accessible by car. And unless the natives can maintain a life of their own, independent of tourists, they will discover, as others have discovered, that tourism, which can destroy the countryside more rapidly than sawmills or mines, will ultimately reduce the natives to what they have become in the Bahamas and the West Indies, servants and entertainers in their own land.☆

Warren Leamon, a regular on our pages, teaches English at The University of Georgia.

CRITICUS *ESSAY*

WENDELL BERRY
More Than A Southern Thoreau

By Thomas McDonnell

It was pure brag on young Henry Thoreau's part to say that he had gone to Walden Pond in order "to front only the essential facts of life," to take a Spartan-like stance against its demands on us, to cut a broad swath and shave close. In point of fact, Thoreau went to Walden to write the book later published as *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers,* and to gather raw materials for the volume which became his masterpiece. Writing was what most concerned him, as the *Journals* amply testify, and so it is enough for us to pay homage to that and not remain obsequiously bound to him as a type of pastoral philosopher in the New Eden. A somewhat simplistic social critic, Thoreau's own quirky presence as an individualist and his forceful grace and clarity as a writer have held us in thrall these many years. To be sure, he was one of a kind. But not the only kind of writer-on-nature we need today.

It may seem not only daring but foolhardy to suggest that the contemporary essayist, ecologist, and poet-farmer of Kentucky, Wendell Berry, in at least two important respects may be a far more significant writer than Henry Thoreau of Concord. As writers, Thoreau and Berry have each considered in a major way the question of man's relationship to nature, and they have written not merely as observers but as participants in the deadly but beautiful life-struggle, a fight for survival which Thoreau saw almost exclusively in microcosm, but which Berry now sees as the compulsion for mankind to endure on this planet.

Something we should question, by the way, is the popular notion that *Walden* is one of the simplest and most salubrious outdoor books in the English language. In fact, it is full of mythology, specialized natural history, and all kinds of esoteric information on almost every page. It is the sort of book which, if packed away in one's knapsack for reading material on a walking-tour, would still carry with it the dusty aroma of the library shelf. It is not required that you boast a classical education when reading the books of Wendell Berry. What's more, having acknowledged Thoreau's position as a master of American prose, we ought to say just as clearly that Wendell Berry himself is a prose stylist of the first rank. He is also a poet far more skilled in his craft than was Thoreau, one possessed of a quietly lasting power that is sure to survive the noisier reputations of many of his contemporaries.

It is ultimately Thoreau's obsessive devotion to nature--at once tough, sinewy, and lyrical--that has earned him his reputation as the epitome of the modern ecological movement. The honor more accurately belongs to John Muir, the great western naturalist and mountaineer who founded the Sierra Club in 1892, but who is not read as widely as Thoreau continues to be in this country and abroad. Thoreau climbed only Mount Katahdin, and was deeply shaken by the experience, whereas Muir would have taken Katahdin before breakfast. Thoreau had a way of sometimes missing the point. He had his doubts about the Fitchburg Railroad, for instance, but failed utterly to perceive the seriousness of the irrepressible conflict that was developing, almost precipitously, between unspoiled nature and the industrial revolution. In an embarrassment he hardly lived down for the rest of his life, Thoreau's most infamous contribution to the ecology of his day was the accidental burning down of large tracts of woodland on the Sadbury River.

More to the point, however, is the further irony that Thoreau's most notable contribution to anything resembling ecological literature was the late essay "The Succession of Forest Trees" (1860), which remains practically unread by the public at large. Oddly enough, it was at one time presumed by the editors of a supplement to the *Oxford English Dictionary* (1972) that Thoreau had all but coined the term "ecology" itself, and Thoreauvians everywhere were studiously excited by the new disclosure; but later scholarship revealed that the word he had used instead was "geology." Such was the extent of Thoreau's brush with what we know as the ecological movement today. It could not have been otherwise.

However, it is very much otherwise with Wendell Berry. He has produced perhaps the most sensitive and cogently pragmatic body of ecological writing in the United States today. Ecological writing, in Wendell Berry's hands, has reached the state of art. His books may in time become for everyone the classics which, for many of us, they already are today. Even such specialized volumes as *The Unsettling of America*

(Sierra Club Books, San Francisco, 1977) and *The Gift of Good Land* (North Point Press, San Francisco, 1981) contain selections that would grace any anthology representing the essay as a literary form. Chapter Seven of *The Unsettling of America*, "The Body and the Earth," as well as the title essay itself, is a superb example of analysis and exposition which also serves to encourage our love of nature through a persuasive use of language. The best of Berry's essays are now available in *Recollected Essays: 1965-1980* (North Point Press), a tactile delight in bookmaking itself, and a commendable introduction to the writings in general.

But in order to understand something of the philosophical disposition that makes Wendell Berry a different kind of nature writer from Thoreau, it is necessary to go back to *The Long-Legged House* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, New York, 1969), that unified collection of essays which established Berry's claim, once and for all, on the attention of Americans in the twentieth century. Compared with Thoreau's irreducible statements of principle, Berry's title essay is a declaration of interdependence, renewed and enhanced by the presence of human love itself, and here relocated in the midst of nature. Thoreau's gregariously inclined solitude, in a jerry-built shack on a parcel of land owned by Ralph Waldo Emerson, would have been for most of us a form of merely eccentric behavior. But nothing, on the other hand, so accentuates the basic relationship between man and woman as the experience of love and companionship in natural surroundings. It is as if one were to become re-attuned to the rhythms of the first creation.

The narrative of Wendell Berry and his wife, Tanya, in a cabin his great-uncle had built on the Kentucky River, is *Walden* with love. Sexual love. It is what Henry Thoreau might have written if he had eloped with Ellen Sewell of Scituate, and had gone to Walden Pond for a prolonged honeymoon. The very heart of the matter is that Berry has now restored to our concept of nature -- and, certainly, to our place in it -- that sense of nurturing which is everywhere implicit, when at its best, in the tenderness and concerns of the feminine presence. In both his poetry and prose, Berry sees marriage -- or human nature whole -- as something irreversibly linked to nature itself:

> *And there at the Camp, we had around us the elemental world of water and light and earth and air. We felt the presences of the wild creatures, the river, the trees, the stars. Though we had our troubles, we had them in a true perspective. The universe, as we could see any night, is unimaginably large, and mostly empty, and mostly dark. We knew we needed to be together more than we needed to be apart.*

The heresy of sexual division is something like the separation of body and soul, and has a direct connection with the current ecological crisis. Nurturing should not be made the exclusive concern of women, Berry says, nor exploitation the exclusive concern of men. "A sexual difference is not a wound," he adds, "or it need not be; a sexual division is." Berry regards as a profound error that aspect of the feminist movement which spends its energy arguing the *right* to be exploiters: "The exploiter is clearly the prototype of the 'masculine' man, the wheeler-dealer whose 'practical' goals require the sacrifice of flesh, feeling, and principle. The nurturer, on the other hand, has always passed with ease across the boundaries of the so-called sexual roles" (*The Unsettling of America*). According to Berry, the exploiter rapes the forests, pollutes the streams, and strip-mines the land.

The nearest that Thoreau ever came to witnessing the rape of natural resources was when the ice-cutters descended on frozen Walden Pond to harvest the great blocks of ice, the chippings from which would later cool the summer drinks of the villagers and landlords. Thoreau's role as self-appointed inspector of snowstorms remains at best a pleasant fraud -- like Robert Frost, in our own time, pretending to be a farmer. Meanwhile, it is Berry and the other conservationists who occupy the trenches and who are fighting the good fight on the front lines.

Wendell Berry is the kind of man, moreover, who cannot live without some re-creation in art of the natural beauty he loves so deeply. That is why he is a poet. It is also why he writes a type of poetry which not only pays tribute to nature itself but which, again, restores love to the origins of our most natural condition. No other American poet has written so many good poems about love in the country. A supplementary reading on the subject may be found in the essay "A Secular Pilgrimage" from *A Continuous Harmony* (1972), and the two books of poetry, *The Country of Marriage* (1973) and *Clearing* (1977), all published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. One cannot know Wendell Berry unless one knows these books as well as the ecological writings, for he is a man whose sources are primarily contemplative.

It is a fitting conjunction of circumstances that out of the region which produced the Southern Agrarians there should now emerge our finest spokesman for an authentic renewal of American culture sourced in love of the land. Is it therefore so shocking to ask whether Wendell Berry may mean more to us than does Henry Thoreau? The case for Berry on ecological grounds is obvious. Just as clearly, Berry is by far Thoreau's superior in defining that nurturing and complementary love of the feminine principle which he brings at all times to the world of nature and without which the earth itself cannot long endure. ☆

UNDERSTANDING ANDREW LYTLE

By Benjamin Alexander

A Review of: *The Southern Vision of Andrew Lytle,* by Mark Lucas, Louisiana State University Press, 1987.

Andrew Lytle's writings comprise a rich and diverse tapestry whose outlines are difficult to bring together. The critic who tackles this varying body of material must become conversant in history, political philosophy, military biography, and literary criticism. Lytle has been feted for achievements in both history and literature; and he has held professorships in both disciplines. The attempt to suggest what Lytle's achievements mean in various areas in which he ranges can be overpowering. And it is only the patient and learned critic who would undertake such a task.

Mark Lucas in *The Southern Vision of Andrew Lytle* writes with grace and clarity about Lytle's accomplishment. His volume unifies Lytle's achievement as a novelist, Agrarian essayist, biographer, and memoirist under the rubric of "Southern Vision." This title is evocative in suggesting the organic evolution of Lytle's writing in the areas of politics, history, religion and literature. Lucas presents Lytle as a prophetic figure whose calling is rooted in the example of Isaiah of Jerusalem, to whom Lucas alludes in estimating Lytle's career. Lucas seizes on a central tenet of Lytle's writings--the consistent objection to materialistic idolatry and the attendant loss of spiritual values in various orders of community--political, religious, and blood.

Starting with what Lucas identifies as a "polemical" phase of Lytle's Agrarian writings in *I'll Take My Stand* and his biography of Nathan Bedford Forrest, *(Bedford Forrest and His Critter Company)*, the author then deepens his analysis into a complex and carefully wrought vision of the later novelist. Lucas is effective in showing how Lytle's fiction dealing with the Spanish conquistadors *(At the Moon's Inn)* gives profound sweep to Lytle's analysis of the origins of American materialism. Lucas shows that the Spanish fiction makes dramatic what Lytle had been stating in his Agrarian essays. Lytle's "Southern loyalties" provide the occasion for him to discover what Lucas describes as a larger "image of wholeness and order he describes in the high Middle Ages, an image summed up in the word *Christendom.* The rise of the bourgeoisie, Henry VIII's sacking of the monasteries, the Stuart perversion of rule by divine right, the Whig revolt of 1688, and particularly the defeat of the Confederacy--Anglo history since the Middle Ages, according to Lytle's world view, has seen Faustian secularism and materialism go from success to success."

The term "Anglo history" that Lucas formulates allows him to retain an admiration of Lytle, but at the same time to distance himself from the view of history that Lucas rightly shows gives rise to his fiction. "Anglo history" is a spurious term to apply to Lytle's complex vision of history. This device reveals in Lucas a consistently squeamish attitude toward Lytle's view of history and his political loyalties.

There are other disclaimers in the study that allow Lucas to disassociate himself from Lytle's political and historical writings. He is troubled, for instance, by the Tennessean's unapologetic admiration for Nathan Bedford Forrest in his biography. He states that Lytle's "exuberance" contributes to the book's "shortcoming as a biography: the one-dimensionality of its portrayal of Forrest." He goes on to fault Lytle for failing to probe the "absolutism" and "guiltlessness of Forrest's mind." "Ostensible complexities in the character of Forrest" are not discussed in Lytle's portrayal so that " 'a son of the Gods' can emerge in unshadowed heroism." Because of Lytle's identification with Forrest, Lucas suggests that Lytle's interpretation of the War is "controversial." Notwithstanding the re-publication of the Forrest biography in 1985 with a new introduction by Lytle, the volume is, according to Lucas, "minor when measured against Lytle's later achievement in fiction."

Why does the author take pains to distance himself and the Agrarian phase of Lytle's career? Why does he argue essentially that Lytle is a gifted novelist who has progressed in thought beyond antiquated "polemical" writing of the 1930's ? These questions may reveal the larger issues of editorial policy at Louisiana State University Press.

For instance, LSU Press declined to publish an elegantly written final book by the late Senator John East of North Carolina. In another recent volume called *The Southern Mandarins*, the literary correspondence of Sally Wood and Caroline Gordon, a disclaimer appears at the outset of the book warning the reader of outdated political and social opinions contained therein. Andrew Lytle writes the foreword to this volume and makes overt reference to the War of Northern Aggression.

We can take heart that Lytle himself has never retreated from the political and social positions he promoted in his Agrarian years. Among numerous recent

public pronouncements, Lytle contributed the "Afterword" to a group of essays commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of *I'll Take My Stand* called *Why the South Will Survive* (Univ. of Georgia Press, 1981) in which he notes that *I'll Take My Stand* has never been out of print and that the book is a "contemporaneous not a historical document."

As good as the Lucas book is in illuminating the intricacies of Lytle's fiction, it is flawed in the stance it takes in evaluating Lytle's Agrarian writings and their continuing relevance. Lucas is accurate in advancing a thesis that centers on Lytle's role as prophetic son of the Republic denouncing its materialism and greed; however, he undercuts his own position in apologizing for Lytle's political legacy.

As a critic of Lytle's fiction, Lucas is at his best, especially in his discussion of *The Velvet Horn*. He painstakingly shows how the novel develops the dramatic conflict between Promethean self-will and a peculiar form of regional isolation that Lytle has theoretically called "incest of spirit." These orientations are memorably fleshed out in the characters of the novel, Pete Legrand and the Cropleigh brothers, who elevate their family pedigree into a destructive obsession to hold their sister unnaturally within the family orbit. The resolution of this sharply etched conflict Lucas rightly traces to the novel's rich mythical and psychological action.

In tracing the novel's transition from its Tennessee setting into action derived from Garden of Eden mythology, Lucas gives a compelling account of a work that belongs with the great titular documents of American literature--*Moby Dick, Go Down, Moses, Huckleberry Finn,* and *The Scarlet Letter.* Lucas shows how fidelity to craft deepens the Southern vision of Andrew Lytle and how Lytle's fiction becomes a powerful tool of religious revelation. Allegiance to the demands of art diminishes the initial personal predicament of the novel, the self-consciousness of a defeated people in the generation after the War Between the States. The personal gives way to a surprising universal drama, the drama of Eden. The mythical understanding of Southern history that the work discovers illustrates the complexities of the past.

Such discussion shows how the crucible of fiction in works such as *The Velvet Horn* and *A Name for Evil* prevent Lytle's achievement from being reduced to any agenda or formula, or as Lucas remarks, "what is programmatic in Agrarianism." This analysis stands as an admonition about the possibilities of resuscitating the ante-bellum order in a profoundly altered modern environment. According to Lucas's reading of Lytle, such enterprises often turn into destructive acts of self-will rooted in sentimentality. The irony is that the Southerners with inordinate preoccupation with themselves, such as the Cropleigh brothers of *The Velvet Horn* and Henry Brent in *A Name for Evil,* become the very incarnation of modern hubris that they claim to resist in clinging to the past.

In this way Lucas shows that Lytle's fiction contains inherent internal restraints against those who have found in his earlier Agrarian writings a program to advocate an acquisitive spirit or capitalistic enterprise associated with the Republican ethos of the Reagan years. It is impossible to squeeze the camel of Lytle's Agrarianism through the eye of such a needle.

I'll Take My Stand and the Agrarian writings of Lytle are philosophically probing works that are not simply calling for remedial programs of adjustment within the industrial order. *I'll Take My Stand* in the "Statement of Principles" delineates three kinds of industrial orientation that are rebuked in its pages: the Optimists who "see the system righting itself spontaneously and without direction"; the Cooperationists or Socialists who "rely on the benevolence of capital, or the militancy of labor, to bring about a fairer division of the spoils;" and the Sovietists or Communists who "expect to find super-engineers, in the shape of Boards of Control, who will adapt production to consumption and regulate price and guarantee business against fluctuations." All these outlooks fail to imagine any social order other than mechanized materialism.

The Agrarians have achieved enduring notoriety in the half-century since their writings precisely because whatever applied economic and social principles they espoused emanated from a political order whose roots lie in the societies of antiquity. Lytle is a provocative man of letters in the tradition of Dr. Johnson, Edmund Burke, T. S. Eliot, Russell Kirk, and more recently, Allan Bloom. His political loyalties are of a piece with later aesthetic principles or artistic accomplishments. They comprise an organic whole. The health of what the ancients understood as the polis, the political community, is of vital importance to the exercise of citizenship; and the cultivation of Aristotelian citizen virtues runs parallel to the practice of literary craftsmanship. Such a legacy is not dated, but is the enduring inheritance of the West. Mark Lucas would have given us a stronger understanding of *The Southern Vision of Andrew Lytle* if he had emphasized the vitality of Lytle's political and historical writings in relation to the artistry of his fiction. Instead Lucas attempts to shape Lytle's reputation in such a way as to publish a work that is critically competent and well-written; yet at the same time it retreats from (or is apologetic for) that portion of Lytle's career that champions the mythology and memory of the Republic in its Southern history.☆

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MAKING THE SOUTHERN CANNON

By Mark Winchell

A Review of: *Fifty Southern Writers After 1900: A Bio-bibliographical Sourcebook.* Ed. by Joseph M. Flora and Robert Bain. Westport Conn.: Greenwood Press, 1987. xii + 628 pp.

A few years ago, before I had been sold upriver to Clemson, some colleagues and I were busily devising a graduate reading list for the Ph.D. program in English at the University of Southern Mississippi. (I had been assigned "American Literature Since World War II.") When another professor walked into the room and asked what we were doing, I grandly announced: "Making the literary canon." And, of course, that's exactly what we were doing. Neither bestseller status nor favorable mention in the literary reviews assures an author of immortality. It is only when he passed into the university curriculum that he belongs to the ages. The fact that writers, like saints, can occasionally be bumped from the canon (a fate shared by Longfellow and Saint Patrick), only proves the awesome power wielded by the church fathers of academia. This is as true of Southern literature as of any other genre.

Regional differences have existed in American literature from "The History of the Dividing Line" on, and Southerners in particular have never been known to hide their light under a bushel. Nor was it any secret that from the 1920s through the 50's, there was a creative ferment that put cities such as Nashville, Tennessee, and Oxford, Mississippi, on a literary map previously dominated by the likes of New York, London, and Concord, Massachusetts. But it was not until the publication, in 1952, of the Beatty, Young and Watkins anthology, *The Literature of the South* that "Southern literature" became recognized as an academic discipline in a way that, say, Midwestern literature never has been. In the ensuing thirty-five years, a consensus has begun to form concerning the canon of Southern literature. The publication of three important books *(The History of Southern Literature* [1985], *A Modern Southern Reader* [1986], and *Fifty Southern Writers Since 1900* [1987] in as many years has helped solidify that concensus.

From the standpoint of identifying the Southern canon, Flora and Bain's *Fifty Southern Writers* is probably the most germane of these three books. *(The History* emphasizes comprehensiveness over critical discrimination, and *A Modern Southern Reader,* like all anthologies, features only those selections that its editors can afford to reprint--e.g. *The Glass Menagerie* rather than *A Streetcar Named Desire.)* If the figures selected by Flora and Bain are, indeed, the top fifty Southern writers of our century, it is instructive to note who was not included in their ranks. None of the writers represented in the 1922 special Southern edition of *Poetry* magazine has made it into the Flora and Bain canon, and only one of those included in Addison Hibbard's 1928 anthology *The Lyric South* (John Crowe Ransom) has been so honored. Although a mere twenty-five modern Southern writers are featured in the most recent edition of *The Literature of the South* (1968), three of those (William Alexander Percy, Frank Lawrence Owsley, and Cleanth Brooks) have failed to make it into Flora and Bain's top fifty.

What is most predictable (and to my mind, most regrettable) about *Fifty Southern Writers* is its preference for elitist over popular writers. Although Margaret Mitchell is included, her more problematical forerunner, Thomas Dixon, Jr., is not. Of course, Dixon's views on race relations and the proper ordering of society are terribly unfashionable in these days of affirmative action. But what is probably more damning is his unabashed sentimentality. It was assumed during the heyday of high modernism that, in order to be serious, literature had to be ironic. Because that

dictum was promulgated most energetically by Southern critics, it continues to shape the canon of modern Southern literature. Hence, when popular favorites such as Dixon and Alex Haley move millions by treating the same themes that obsessed Faulkner, their work is dismissed as mawkish and vulgar--as if indirection and obscurity were the supreme literary virtues. With the possible exception of Margaret Mitchell's Mammy, no black character in modern Southern literature has taken possession of the popular imagination as forcefully as Dubose Heyward's Porgy, yet neither Heyward nor any of his colleagues in the South Carolina Poetry Society warrant mention in Flora and Bain's index, much less inclusion in their pantheon.

If one accepts the critical prejudices implied (though rarely stated) in this volume, there is much to admire in its contents. Flora and Bain have assembled a competent group of contributors, including some of the acknowledged luminaries in the field of Southern literary scholarship (Thomas Daniel Young, M.E. Bradford, Richard J. Calhoun, Virginia Spencer Carr, James H. Justus, Fred Hobson, and others). Unfortunately, the rigid format imposed upon the book does not always allow the individual critics sufficient latitude to strut their stuff. When used solely as a reference book, *Fifty Southern Writers* is as informative as any good encylopedia. But try reading one essay after another, and the eyes begin to glaze with the monotony of it all.

One of the problems is that the selections are arranged alphabetically. This allows no continuity from one essay to another, only eccentric pairings and odd juxtapositions. A thematic, generic, or even chronological arrangement would have made more sense but would also have made key omissions more glaring. As it is, the editors have struck a politic balance amongst various periods, genres, and sub-regions and have included a representative mixture of women, blacks, and gays. Whatever else it may be, the Southern literary canon is an equal opportunity employer.

Another important consideration in canon making is determining when one period ends and another begins. Flora and Bain have begun with the turn of the century and tried to stay up to date by including a liberal selection of living writers. As a practical matter that puts William Sydney Porter cheek-to-jowl with Reynolds Price. One might argue that the former belongs to a period earlier than what we ordinarily think of as modern Southern literature (perhaps making World War I the dividing line) and the latter to one that is later (post-Renascence, though not--thank God--postmodern). However, those who believe in the continuity of Southern literature should be grateful that Flora and Bain have not allowed an excessive veneration for the Renascence to limit their appreciation of those writers who had the historical misfortune to come before or after.

Over the past three decades or so the death of Southern literature has been proclaimed almost as frequently as the death of the novel. We are told that the Southern Renascence was a result of the conflicts produced by the assimilation of Southern culture into the mainstream of American life. Now that that assimilation is all but complete, we must look to other dying subcultures (Jews, ethnic, Catholics, rural Westerners) for the sort of ironic and elegiac vision that gave the South a great literature in the period between the two world wars. The problem with that view is that it assumes that only the trauma of reconstruction (not the historical period but the ongoing reality) can evoke a response in song and story and that once reconstruction has been effected, it results in historical amnesia and artistic paralysis. And yet, it is at least arguable that the South is now producing more good writers, if not as many great ones, as ever before. And with the emergence of regional presses such as Peachtree in Atlanta and Algonquin in Chapel Hill, those writers need no longer be without honor (or profits) in their own country.

In charting the future of Southern literature, one should note that the more recent writers beatified by Flora and Bain (those born in 1930 or later) are all novelists and short story writers. If the Southern Renascence got its start with the poetry and criticism of the Nashville Fugitives, it seems to be maintaining its vitality in the realm of fiction. Not only does the storytelling tradition continue, but Southern narrative appears finally to have gotten out from under the intimidating spectre of the Renascence. Although the Sunbelt setting of much of the region's contemporary fiction may not possess the baroque richness of Yoknapatawpha, the familiar characteristics of Southern life can still be found in the land of shopping malls and revolving restaurants. Even when they reject family, church, and region, young Southerners are shaped by those forces in a way that those who have not experienced them could never be. The tragic irony at the heart of Yoknapatawpha and Agrarian fiction has mellowed, but what has been gained is an appreciation of the past as past. Southerners are able to know who they are because they have never forgotten what they were.☆

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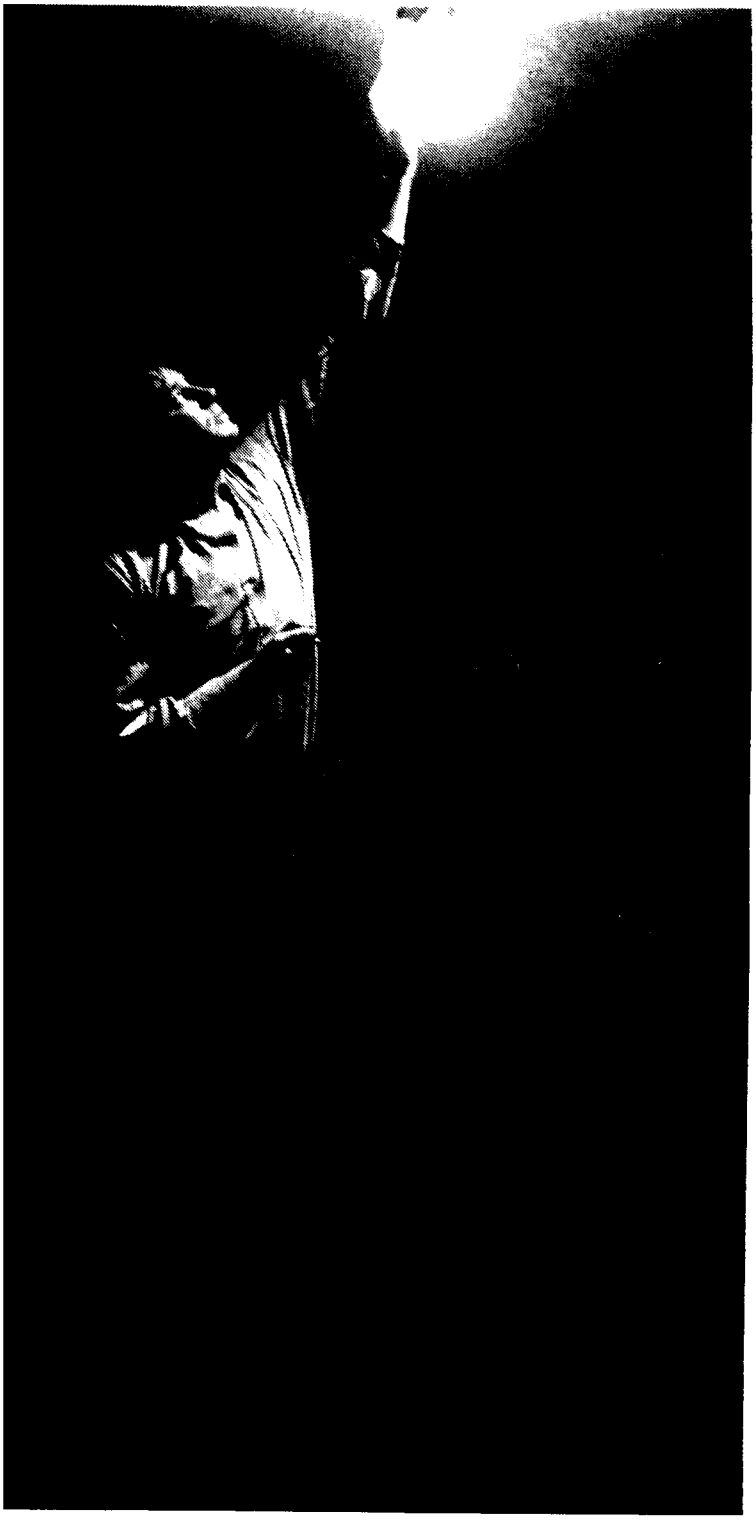
A BREACH IN THE WALL

David Herbert Donald's thoughtful study inspires a second look at this Southern author.



Wolfe demonstrates his height to photographer Robert Disreali

By Loxley Nichols

A Review of: *Look Homeward* by David Herbert Donald, Little, Brown, 1987, Boston $24.95.

When David Herbert Donald recalls his youthful reaction to *Look Homeward, Angel,* he describes a magic that many of us felt upon encountering Thomas Wolfe as adolescents: "I was convinced--without any just cause--that I too was misunderstood by my family and unappreciated in my community, and, like Eugene, I enjoyed writhing in romantic agony." Prof. Donald's subsequent disenchantment in the 1950s reflects not only an era that had grown tired of Wolfe's "gigantism, his rhetorical extravagance, and his lack of form," but might also call to mind our own adult reassessment of Wolfe's work. Nevertheless, two decades later, after reading again Wolfe's novels and stories, Dr. Donald comes full circle as he concludes that "Wolfe deserves to rank among the very great American authors"--an assertion that was reinforced for him during his following six-year study that included all of Wolfe's papers. With this conviction, the biographer states that the purpose of his book is to tell the story of Wolfe's life more completely than has been done heretofore, to present Wolfe in a historical literary context, and, most importantly, to show Wolfe's "evolution as a writer." Thus, *Look Homeward* is not simply a homage to a boyhood idol, but an attempt to clarify Wolfe's literary merit and defend his right to rank as an equal among Faulkner, Hemingway, and Fitzgerald.

Donald's biography is a thoughtful study of Thomas Wolfe--thorough but not cluttered, accessible but not simplistic. Donald, a senior member of the history department at Harvard and a Southerner himself, writes with assurance and perception. In addition to his exhaustive research and clear prose style, Dr. Donald is successful because of his determination to offer a balanced portrait of the man, the writer, and the times. His efforts to rectify what he believes to be Wolfe's undervalued status as a writer notwithstanding, Donald remains judicious in his rendering of Wolfe's strengths and weaknesses.

Throughout the book, Dr. Donald juxtaposes and counterbalances the positive and the negative, and this technique is well suited to his subject. For Wolfe, a temperamental man subject to extreme and unpredictable mood swings, turmoil and conflict accompanied

and virtually extinguished every close relationship. In a moment of accurate self-disclosure, he tells a lover, " 'I am ugly, cruel, and mad in a way you know nothing about; if anyone loves me I torture them, curse and revile them, and try to drive them away.' " He had behaved this way with Aline, " 'the only person who ever loved me with all her heart,' " and this is the way he would treat his editor and best friend, Maxwell Perkins, " 'one of the rocks to which my life is anchored.' "

Unfortunately, Wolfe's life was most often unmoored, and the results were devastating. The following episode was all too common. While staying at a hotel in Montreux, Wolfe, upset by his relationship with Aline, " 'went on a spree, broke windows, plumbing fixtures, etc. in the town, and came back to the hotel at 2 A.M., pounded on the door of the manager and on the doors of two English spinsters, rushed howling with laughter up and down the halls, cursing and singing.' " A man of voracious appetites for food, alcohol, and sex, and emotionally volatile, Wolfe was given to frequent and outrageous bouts of drunken cursing, quarreling, and brawling. Yet, despite such dissipation of his creative energies and the toll extracted by long, exhaustive hours of nonstop writing, Wolfe retained a child-like enthusiasm and receptiveness exhibited not only by the mere volume of his work but in the indisputable quality of rich lyricism and grand precision of the best of it.

Prof. Donald's inclusion of numerous anecdotes brings Wolfe to life for the reader, and not all reveal him in an unfavorable light. Although Wolfe disparaged the exaggerated image of himself as "a great 'exuberant' six-foot-six clod-hopper right out of nature who . . . wads up three-hundred thousand words or so, hurls it at a blank page, puts covers on it and says 'Here's my book,' " he was very much an authentic larger-than-life caricature. The following incident, which took place as Wolfe strolled with F. Scott Fitzgerald, illustrates perfectly one humorous result of Wolfe's great height and playfulness:

> *One evening as they were walking together in Montreux, Wolfe found that he could reach up and touch the electrical wires above the street and, delighted as a child at his discovery, began to pull on them "with the casualness of a conductor ringing up fares," while he produced a blackout in the city.*

And we can easily understand the irresistible charm so many found in "the exuberant child" when we read of Wolfe's reaction to the publication of his first book:

> *On publication day the Scribner Book Store devoted one of its Fifth Avenue windows to a display of* Look Homeward, Angel. *Wolfe could hardly tear himself away from it. He walked back and forth in front of it so frequently and ogled the display so intently as to alarm passersby and to alert the policeman on the beat. He stopped in other bookstores to ask whether people were buying his novel.*

But for all his charm, which won him both male and female admirers, Wolfe failed to gain the deep respect of most other writers of his generation. Faulkner, Hemingway, and Fitzgerald tolerated Wolfe, but deplored his excesses. Hemingway called him "glandular"; Dos Passos called him a "gigantic baby." The Southern Agrarians criticized his lack of control and form.

Look Homeward traces Wolfe's lifelong emotional disorientation and instability to a lonely and insecure childhood. The youngest in a large, chaotic family, Wolfe apparently suffered permanent psychological trauma from the inconsistent treatment he received from his unhappily married and bitterly antagonistic parents and his confused siblings. Early on Wolfe sought escape. An omnivorous reader and a promising student throughout the years of his formal education at North State Fitting School, the University of North Carolina, and Harvard, Wolfe's greatest release came through writing. Yet it wasn't until he turned from composing plays to writing autobiographical fiction (what was to become *Look Homeward, Angel*), that Wolfe began to resolve his anger and bitterness toward his family and the unhappy circumstances of his youth and thus " 'to find a breach in the wall somewhere.' "

Gregarious but solitary, Wolfe was always somewhat an anomaly. In literary circles, he hung on the periphery. Repelled by the pretentiousness of the New York literati, Wolfe was also unsympathetic to the thinking of the Lost Generation and to that of the Southern Agrarians. Even his interest in socialism in the 30s was by and large mere flirtation. Thus, while Wolfe always thought of himself as quintessentially *American*, he defied all other labels. Interestingly, Wolfe's failure to form strong group allegiances suggests that his "identity" was to a large extent created artificially for him by others. For, as Dr. Donald says, "Until he came to Harvard he never considered himself a Southerner--any more than he had thought of himself as a man from the mountains until he was so labeled at Chapel Hill." In other words, Wolfe only *became* Southern when he left the South just as he only *became* a mountain man when he left the mountains.

Donald's analysis of what Wolfe faced as a Southerner in the North is sensitive and equitable, and it could only have been written by someone who has been there himself. Perhaps Wolfe's reaction to H. L. Mencken's description of the South as "the Sahara of

the Bozart" best captures the paradoxical position Wolfe found himself in:

> *His problem was not so much with Mencken's ideas as with the way his Northern classmates used Mencken's invective and denunciation to ridicule the social and political backwardness of the South and to condemn Southern whites for their uncivilized treatment of the Negroes.*

Like the man himself, Wolfe's work does not easily lend itself to classification. Although it was criticized for its lack of form, distance and restraint, Donald proposes that Wolfe's writing was experimental and as such it was not meant to conform to prescribed conventions. Wolfe pointedly referred to his works as "books" rather than "novels." His motivation naturally struck a chord with Faulkner. The creator of Yoknapatawpha admired Wolfe's attempt " 'to do the greatest of the impossible . . . to reduce all human experience to literature,' " even though he later commented that " 'it's like an elephant trying to do the hoochie-coochie.' "

In some respects, Faulkner's offhand derision is an accurate assessment. Wolfe's aim was much higher than even his extended reach, and much of the time the results are inferior--sometimes they are indeed ludicrous. Yet a precise evaluation of Wolfe's achievement is extremely difficult to ascertain. The greatest difficulty arises with the posthumous novels. When Wolfe died unexpectedly and prematurely, Edward Aswell, his new editor at Harper's, had to undertake the task of getting Wolfe's papers into book form. Because Wolfe left nothing that closely resembled a finished product--just huge bundles of loose manuscripts in various stages of rough draft--Aswell was forced to take inordinate liberties with the text. Besides sorting, cutting, splicing, and rewriting, Aswell even added whole sentences in some places. In "Afterword: The Posthumous Novels of Thomas Wolfe," Dr. Donald provides a passage from *You Can't Go Home Again* and the corresponding excerpt from Wolfe's typescript in dual columns that reveal the extent and nature of Aswell's changes. Yet even the work published during his lifetime reflects the influence of others. Wolfe was extremely dependent on Maxwell Perkins, his Scribner's editor, and Elizabeth Nowell, his agent; and both made considerable contributions to getting his work in publishable form. Thus it is sometimes difficult to know where Wolfe stops and others begin. Donald convincingly argues that the author's purpose was often misconstrued, his efforts thwarted, and his work damaged by such "aid," but there seems to have been no alternative to the intrusion of others. For one reason or another, Wolfe was incapable of seeing most of his projects through to the end by himself.

Moving frequently from one apartment to another and never looking settled in any of them, Thomas Wolfe lived a haphazard, transient life that manifested itself in both his personal and professional habits. From a pile of clothes on the floor of the closet, Wolfe would randomly select individual items to put on, taking no notice of whether they matched or not. Similarly, from the large open crate that housed his loose papers, Wolfe, or sometimes Miss Nowell, would extract portions of the manuscripts to be revised or pieced together for publishing. Few, if any, of these pieces, which ultimately resulted in books, short stories, and lectures, were originally intended to be whole entities. Usually conceived as parts of something larger, these manuscripts document Wolfe's repeated attempts to write (or rewrite) his own history as well as testify to his "hunger to devour the whole of human experience." In a sense they are the fragments with which Wolfe hoped to create for himself a permanent home and a coherent identity. His search for a home ended when he realized he could not return to North Carolina to live: " 'I could never go back there to live, back there or any other place for long. I have to move. My home is in my work, now.' " The contemplation of death, however, seemed to bring him a different kind of understanding. During the last few months of his life when he was gravely ill, Wolfe took comfort in being nursed by Annie Laurie Crawford, a native of Asheville, because she was " 'one of us,' somebody he could talk to." In using the expression "one of us," Wolfe indicates that he had at last discovered an authentic identity and sense of community in being a Southerner.

Prof. Donald does a particularly nice job in detailing and analyzing Wolfe's relationship with Maxwell Perkins and those sections are perhaps the strongest in the book. He also is adept at creating vivid cameos of lesser figures such as Frederick H. Koch, or "Proff," Wolfe's drama professor at Chapel Hill, and the spirited Belinda Jelliffe, a Southern compatriot, friend and lover. Less satisfying, however, are his evocations of Wolfe's mother, Julia, and Aline Bernstein. These women played major roles in shaping Wolfe's life, yet they remain underdeveloped and vague. But with so few shortcomings and so many strengths, *Look Homeward: A Life of Thomas Wolfe* is by far the most comprehensive and provocative discussion of this puzzling figure. While we may not yet be ready to accept Dr. Donald's proposal that Thomas Wolfe was a "great" writer, we are, nevertheless, inspired to take a second look. ☆

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BOOKNOTES

PINSTRIPES AND REDS ***By David B. Funderburk. Foundation Press, 1987. Washington, D.C.: Selous. Available on order form: David B. Funderburk, Box 1124, Dunn, N.C. 28334. $17.95 + postage and handling.***

David Funderburk, who also serves on the Editorial Board of the Southern Partisan, was one of the very few Southerners appointed to a high level post in the Reagan Administration, having been selected to be U.S. Ambassador to Romania.

Pinstripes and Reds tells the story of a courageous Southerner and American who attempted to inject a measure of common sense and sanity into this country's dealings with one of the most vicious and brutal of the Communist regimes in Eastern Europe, the government of Romania headed by Nicolae Ceausescu, its so-called "president". What Funderburk managed to accomplish and how he managed to do it is a story which every American interested in the conduct of our foreign policy ought to know about.

Most of the difficulties in dealing with communist countries originate in the U.S. Department of State, known in recent years for its naive view of the nature of communism, its prevailing "old boy" network and entrenched bureaucracy--all of which effectively preclude any imaginative or novel ideas from being translated into foreign policy. Thus, instead of hard bargaining and tough dealing (which is the only way to deal with nations devoted to the ideology of world conquest) the State Department grants loans (which it knows can't and won't be repaid), and special trade concessions, known as Most Favored Nation Status, (MFN) in proportion to the extent that these satellites are perceived to be "independent" of Moscow. Of course, no Warsaw pact member can be truly independent. Rarely, if ever, does "State" ponder questions of human rights in this kind of context because such questions have an unpleasant habit of rocking the bureaucratic boat.

Such is the type of thinking (if it deserves to be called that) which Ambassador Funderburk found himself up against when he arrived in Bucharest in 1981 to take up his post.

His main task, as he saw it, was to bring the message of American freedom and human dignity to a people beaten down spiritually and physically by 40 years of Communism in a country whose regime has systematically persecuted religion since it came to power. Specifically, the Romanian regime has jailed and killed (since 1945) over 4000 religious believers and clergy, among them a Roman Catholic Priest, Father Palfi, who was murdered in 1983 for requesting that Christmas be made a national holiday. This same regime also saw to it that over 20,000 Bibles destined for Romanian Baptist believers were pulped into toilet paper by a paper factory in Braila.

Likewise, the country's socialist economy keeps the population on the brink of starvation by decreeing meatless days for people who must rise at 6:00 A.M. in order to stand in line for hours just to buy a loaf of bread. To save energy, the regime not only bans cars from the roads in winter but also pulls plugs on hospital baby incubators.

Romania also has its squad of thought police. Those of us in the American South who have to fight to keep the Confederate Flag flying in places of honor will recognize strange parallels in the brutal tendancy of Romania's Communist regime to destroy thousands of historic buildings and churches, in the name of The New Socialist Man.

Funderburk's attempts to place U.S.-Romanian relations on a more realistic footing were hamstrung by State Department interference, continually and consistently. For example, he attempted to get "State" to link MFN and human rights. He was not particularly successful in this area.

The State Department sought to preserve MFN at all cost and tried to ignore the Father Palfi Case. And it took a meeting in Senator Jesse Helm's office with the Romanian Ambassador to the United States, (Mircea Malitza) to get Father G. Calciu, a Romanian orthodox priest who had been incarcerated for 22 years for saying that Communism corrupted people's souls, released from house arrest, where he had been moved after prison. Incidentally, it was just after this meeting that Kathy Stoner, an aide to the Senator, called Malitza "the lyingist S.O.B. she had ever seen." Eventually, Funderburk's remonstrances did have some effect but only after his resignation, as we shall see.

Perhaps Funderburk's most effective accomplishments came from his visits to various areas of the country and in particular to churches of all denominations. Such visits made a tremendous impression on ordinary people who called him "frumos" (kindly). His wife Betty also helped him greatly in these endeavors by taking food and clothing to dissidents who were under house arrest in Bucharest. Such practices are generally unheard of among American Ambassadors who prefer to stick close to the embassy and cuddle up to the cocktail party set.

In 1985, David Funderburk

resigned his position as American Ambassador to Romania. He wished, he notes, to get back to his North Carolina roots, his Southern roots, and his family. He wished to leave the politically polluted atmosphere of Bucharest and he was suffering from sudden and severe lower back problems probably caused by experiments in radiation directed against the embassy by the "securitate" (the Romanian KGB).

Was Funderburk's tenure as Ambassador an exercise in futility or did it accomplish anything substantial in changing U.S. policy toward Romania? Indeed, some changes have occurred. For example, Romania's MFN status was suspended for six months by both houses on Congress in April 1987. Major media articles in such publications as *The Washington Post* and *Reader's Digest* have given a more balanced picture of the terrible situation there. Even George Schultz has begun to have second thoughts.

But there is still a long way to go, and it is devoutly to be hoped that every member of Congress and every foreign policy maker will read this account written by a man from the South whose best sons have always placed a high premium on telling the truth, however unpleasant that truth may be, to the gelded foreign policy planners at "State." David Funderburk has offered his country a great service, both in the office he held for four years, and now in this book which gives us a frightening case study in modern American diplomacy.

—Charles Hamel

TARHEEL JUNIOR HISTORIAN, ***Vol. 26, No. 2 "North Carolina's Civil War Experience"***

"...We intend to fight the thing (war) out... We won't be whipped as long as anybody is left to fight."

Maj. Gen. S.D. Ramseur
Army of Northern Virginia, CSA
16 February 1864

"Our men fought gallantly, repulsing assault again and again...."

Capt. Henry Chambers
49th N.C. Troops
2 April 1865

"....so I will do my duty and if I am kill(ed), it will be alright."

Pvt. A.G. Thompson
Mallett's N.C. Conscript Battalion
21 December 1862

These are a few of the great quotations you will *not* read in the spring, 1987, Edition of the Tarheel Junior Historian, published by the N.C. Museum of History. The Museum's division of Archives and History has selectively compiled an array of primary sources (first hand accounts) designed to teach young historians about North Carolina's part in The War Between the States. In this publication, the Editors have redefined North Carolina's role in both the secession movement and the war itself.

North Carolina is portrayed as having been forced to secede from the Union by a Southern Act, the firing on Fort Sumter.

In articles entitled, "A Soldier's Life", and "I Want To Come Home So Badly", The Editors bury the pro-confederate remarks of one N.C soldier under an endless litany of starvation, misery, desertion, and death.

The State Government of the secession years is portrayed as having been unconcerned with hardships endured by North Carolinians on the home front and in the army. Several letters are presented to the young reader in order to emphasize this point. The few pro-confederate remarks are dismissed as having been made by a wealthy aristocrat, untouched by the conflict.

The peace/pro-union activities by a handful of North Carolinians against the State and Confederate Governments are recounted in great detail. While appreciable, these activities did not deter North Carolina from providing more soldiers to the Confederate cause than any other state. North Carolina's pro-union sentiments pale in comparison with similar attitudes in Virginia where one third of the state was readmitted to the Union, during the war, as West Virginia.

The N.C. Museum's choice of primary sources leaves young readers with a biased impression of the States role in (and loyalty to) the Confederate War effort. Sources describing the dedication with which North Carolinians supported Southern Independence and their countless acts of heroism in pursuit of that cause are rarely included. The test questions in the workbook section of the publication are designed to reinforce these distortions.

In their zeal to distance North Carolina from the confederacy, the editors of "North Carolina's Civil War Experience" have ignored the fact that North Carolina seceded from the Union when her people realized that the Lincoln Government would rather have seen the South destroyed than separate. Until Lincoln's call for volunteers to "put down the rebellion" Southerners naively thought that, since they had joined the union voluntarily, they could leave the same way.

The North Carolina Museum of History has missed a significant opportunity to document North Carolina's role in the American Civil War objectively.

—Walter Hilderman III

Partisan Dictionary

By Robert Whitaker

Workers - the most exploited minority in the labor force.

Dums-Dums - expanding bullets banned by the rules of war. Dumbs-Dumbs, on the other hand, are the reason we have to have rules of war.

Smart-ass - a vulgar term which is very offensive to the person this vicious label is applied to. It is very important that readers of the Partisan dictionary know this.

Vigilante mentality - term used by Liberals to describe the attitude that the answer to crime is severe punishment. Liberals demand that all vigilantes be given the harshest penalities as a lesson to others.

Hogwash- a term which needs no explanation in an election year.

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THE SMOKE NEVER CLEARS

ROD GRAGG

•THE CONFEDERATE IMAGE. ***By Mark E. Neely Jr., Harold Holzer and Gabor S. Boritt, 257 pp. University of North Carolina Press. $32.50 cloth, $14.95 trade paper.***

Seldom in the contemporary literature of the War Between the States does there appear a new work that is original in content, scholarly in research and readable in style. *The Confederate Image* is all of these. The concept is surprisingly simple: the book merely profiles the art and history of 19th century lithographs, engravings and paintings related to the Confederacy. Yet the authors utilize the topic to reveal much about Confederate nationalism, the ideology of the Lost Cause and the debunking of more than a few wartime myths.

The three authors together produced a similar earlier work about Lincoln, *The Lincoln Image*, and each is a knowledgeable authority in a related historical field. In this new work they survey the limited state of wartime graphic arts in the South; examine the popular images of Lee, Davis and Jackson; study the impact of postwar Confederate images on the South's selfconsciousness; and trace the stories behind some of the most famous, familiar or endearing Confederate images. Included are fascinating essays on such images as "*The Burial of Latane*" and the Northern caricature of Jefferson Davis' mythological attempt to escape capture in hoop skirt and bonnet. The work is appropriately laced with numerous color and black & white illustrations, and the text is both authoritative and balanced. If an Oscar was awarded for new works on the War, UNC Press would win best entry in a new category--hands down.

•LEE'S TARNISHED LIEUTENANT: JAMES LONGSTREET AND HIS PLACE IN SOUTHERN HISTORY. ***By William Garret Piston. 252 pp. University of Georgia Press. $24.95.***

This is not a conventional biography of James Longstreet and that's appropriate, for Longstreet was not a conventional Confederate hero. To some students of the War, Longstreet today is the brilliant but ignored "Old War Horse" whose advice Lee should have heeded at Gettysburg. To others, Longstreet remains the uncooperative, disobediant commander who lost Gettysburg -- and Southern nationhood. Author Piston, while clearly standing erect in the revisionists' corner, has produced a work of serious history distinguished by style, research and analysis. He profiles Longstreet's military career; chronicles the postwar controversies that made Longstreet a villain to much of the South; and probes the way historians have viewed the controversial general. Piston may belabor the view of Longstreet-as-scapegoat. He also replays some of the controversial assertions made earlier by the gifted, iconoclastic Tom Connelly in *Marble Man*; and he pointly blames revered and respected Douglas Southall Freeman for the negative rating given Longstreet by many 20th century historians. None of these positions will win Piston friends among those who accept the traditional Southern view of Longstreet, Lee and the War. However, Piston does it all so politely, so respectfully and so skillfully -- with no apparent ax to grind -- that even the staunchest defenders of Lee and Freeman may find themselves at least weighing Piston's arguments. In fact, Piston fairly provides ammunition aplenty for Longstreet critics: He ascribes much of Longstreet's postwar woes and image-building to his inflamatory self-defense. Apparently, by Piston's view, Longstreet was often his own worst enemy. Even so, Lee always loved him.

•GENERAL A.P. HILL: THE STORY OF A CONFEDERATE WARRIOR. ***By James I. Robertson, Jr. 382 pp. Random House. $24.95.***

"Tell Hill he *must* come up!" said a semi-conscious Robert E. Lee on his deathbed. That General A.P. Hill was on the mind of the great Lee in his final moments is not surprising: Hill was a major figure in the War for Southern Independence. Hill was one of Lee's brightest, ablest young generals, yet he has remained greatly neglected by the historians of the War Between the States. Now enter James Robertson, among the most knowledgeable and gifted of contemporary American historians, who examines A.P. Hill anew in a biography certain to be viewed as exceptional and definitive.

Hill is deserving of such attention. At Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Cold Harbor and other crucial contests of the war, Hill played a principal role. Tragically, he was killed in the last days of the war in an accidential encounter with Federal skirmishers. Upon receiving news of the young general's death, Lee's eyes filled with tears and he remarked, "He is now at rest, and we who are left are the ones to suffer." Robertson, author of numerous books on the war, has rendered a memorable, extremely well-written account of an important American life.

THE LAST WORD

REID BUCKLEY

JOHN PAUL'S BOMBSHELL

When Pope John Paul II visited the U.S. this past September, a chorus not of angels but of cacophony greeted him.

Feminists in and out of habit, homosexuals, young and middle aged Catholic couples who defiantly practice contraception, theologically heretical dons like the Rev. Charles Curran, and a score deviant others, protested his laying down the law of traditional Catholic doctrine on matters of faith and morals. His only true fans were in the main older Catholics of a traditionalist stamp, mackeral-snapping, pre-Vatican II type Catholics, who welcomed John Paul's "strict construction" of Church doctrine.

And it is these who have recoiled in a state of shock from the pontiff's latest encyclical, *Sollicitudo Rei Socialis* ("The Social Concerns of the Church") which seems to draw moral equivalence between the (monstrous) Soviet Union and the United States. "I am referring," he writes, "to two opposing blocks, commonly known as the East and the West." Whichwise he continues, tracing the historical roots of both systems to principles each in its way conducing to moral error, each in its way exploitive and imperialistic, each in its way hostile to human solidarity and subjecting humanity to "structures of sin."

My brother Bill writes, "One prays that the Holy Father will move quickly to correct an encyclical hearttearingly misbegotten." Michael Novak is appalled by the Pope's "plain hostility" to this country and by "the few careless passages" drawing ostensible parallels between East and West. Among non-Catholics, William Safire blew up in the pages of the NY Times; and the other day A.M. Rosenthal joined in, asking how it is possible "that this Pope, son of Poland, could write about the two systems without troubling to make it utterly clear that under one religion is oppressed, freedom denied, police rule imposed, whole nations imprisoned, including his own?"

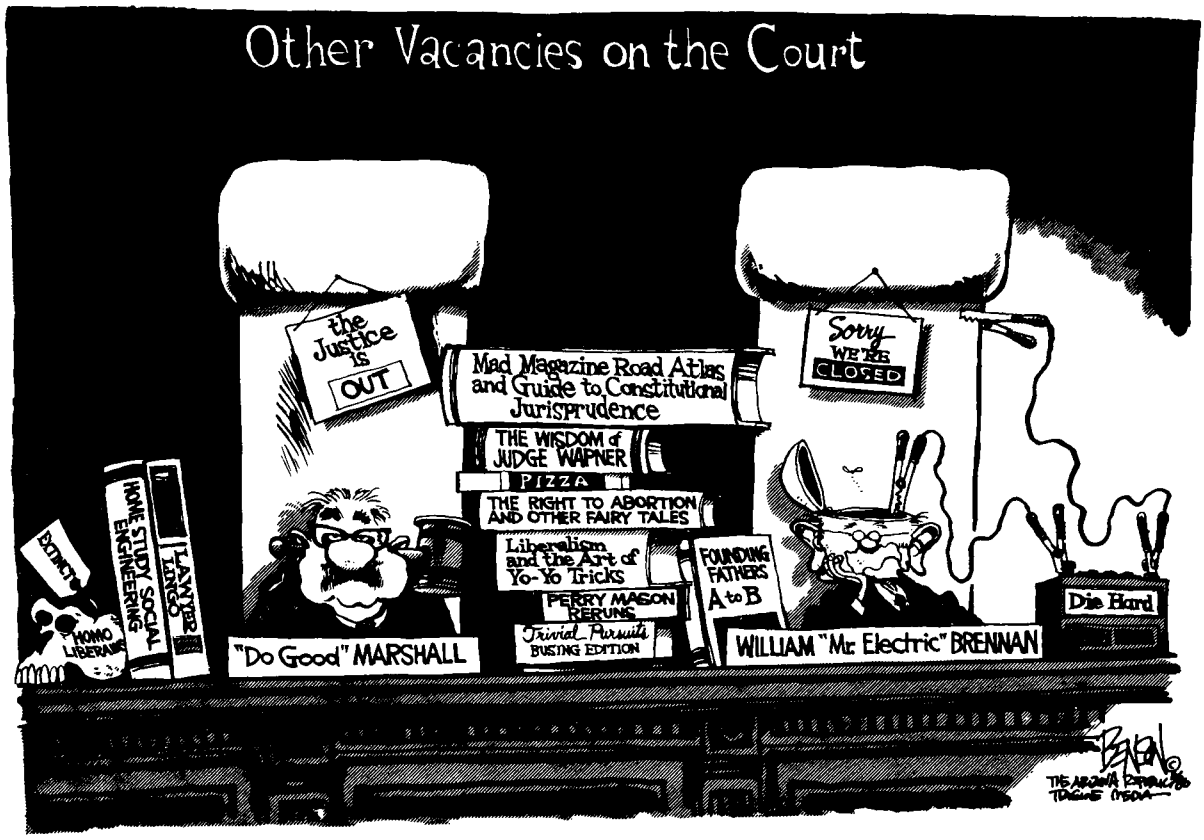
The first thing to observe is that no-one should have been surprised by *Solicittudo,* because it is an extension of views concerning our spiritual, social, and economic ills that are firmly grounded in the doctrinal teachings on these matters from earliest Judeo (Ezechiel 34:2-3) and Christian (Acts 4:32-35) times---going back in Christian teaching before that to the young man who turned sorrowfully away because he had many possessions---which are not likely to change until the consummation of time. Second, John Paul's basic analytical insight about the philosophical affinity between the communist and capitalist worlds happens to be correct. We capitalists and we Commies may be Beauty and the Beast, but taxonomically we are of the same stock.

During his extraordinary conversations with Andre Frossard, the Catholic French author (*Be Not Afraid!,* St. Martin's Press, 1986), John Paul noted that "...two sorts of materialism can be noted, theoretical and practical." Totalitarian Marxist determinism is a grave danger to humankind, but "when you speak of the danger that threatens man in the contemporary world you also take into account the practical [i.e. capitalist] materialism which appears in the West in the form known as 'the consumer society'."

It conduces to secular humanism; it is ideologically determinist. A "merciless war has been declared on" man's spiritual dimensions, he told M. Frossard. Under the subjugation of both species of materialism, man is in danger of being cut "off from his own depths." There is "the danger of a 'fundamental illusion'... of man imagining that...he has become increasingly the 'master' of the visible world, even of the cosmos, without noticing that at the same time he has made himself dependent on this world, that he has subordinated himself to the power of the energies liberated, that he is becoming the object of all kinds of manipulation against which he can do nothing, precisely because he has completely delivered up to the 'world' his conscience and his liberty. And the 'world' has taken possession of him."

Determinism "is precisely this: man envisaging his own freedom as a function of the world and of what the world permits him. On this level determinism, of whatever school [totalitarian or such as in our liberal democratic "permissive society"], is a denial of freedom. "*These two systems based on determinist principles,*" he declares, "*are in one way or another programmatically atheist. Atheism is the guarantee of their existence and development, just as God is the guarantee of human freedom...*" Making no bones about it, the Holy Father asserts that we Americans---to the degree that we assent to the secular determinism of our socioeconomic system---are as much the philosophical enemy of Christ as the totalitarian determinism of the East.

The Vicar of Christ cannot love the society we have become, which if less savage than the Soviet version of the same philosophical nihilism, remains anti-Christian.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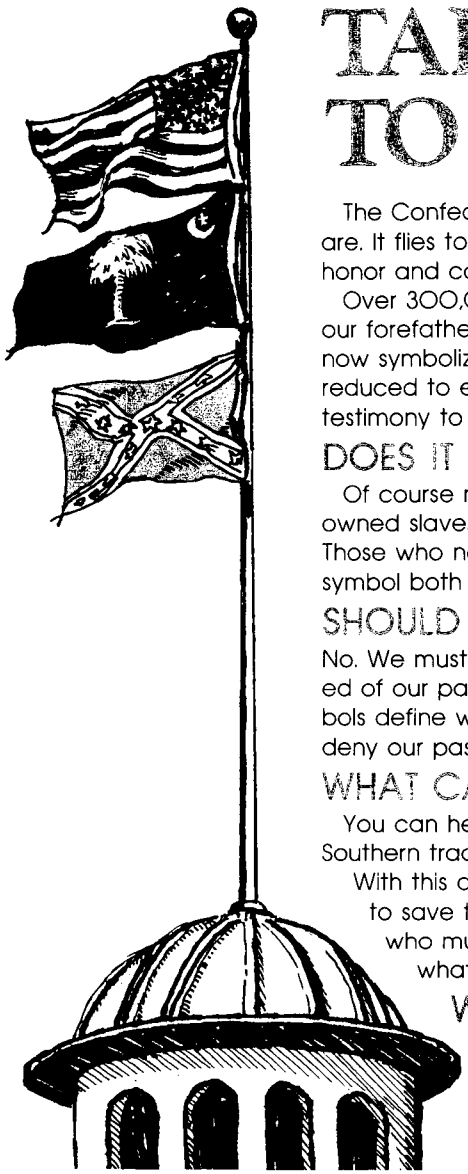

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DOES IT STAND FOR SLAVERY?

Of course not. Over 80% of the men who fought for the Confederacy never owned slaves (indeed, thousands of black Southerners fought under that Flag). Those who now seek to tear the Flag down and those who wave it as a racist symbol both share the same ignorant view of history.

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No. We must never allow a small group of misguided people to make us ashamed of our past. The time has come to protect the integrity of our heritage. Symbols define who we are and where we come from. No one should ask us to deny our past or to repudiate the memory of our ancestors.

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